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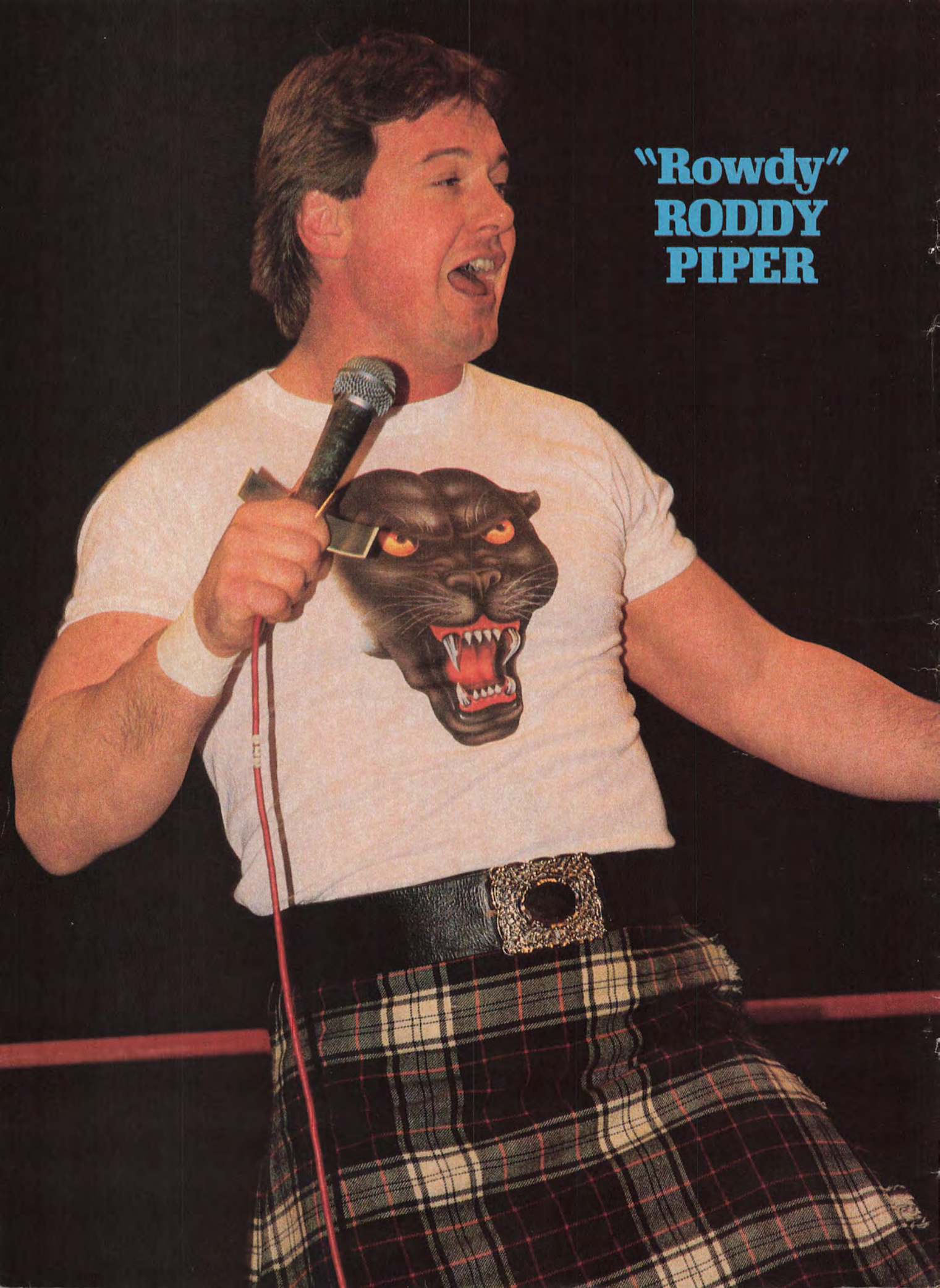
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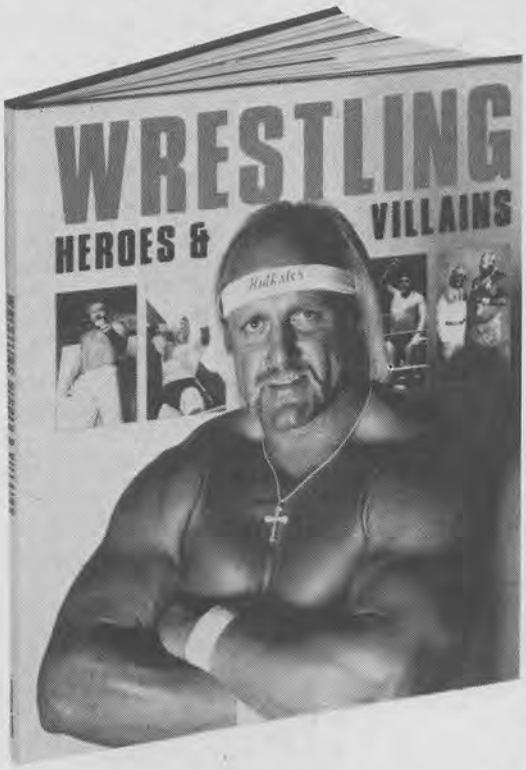

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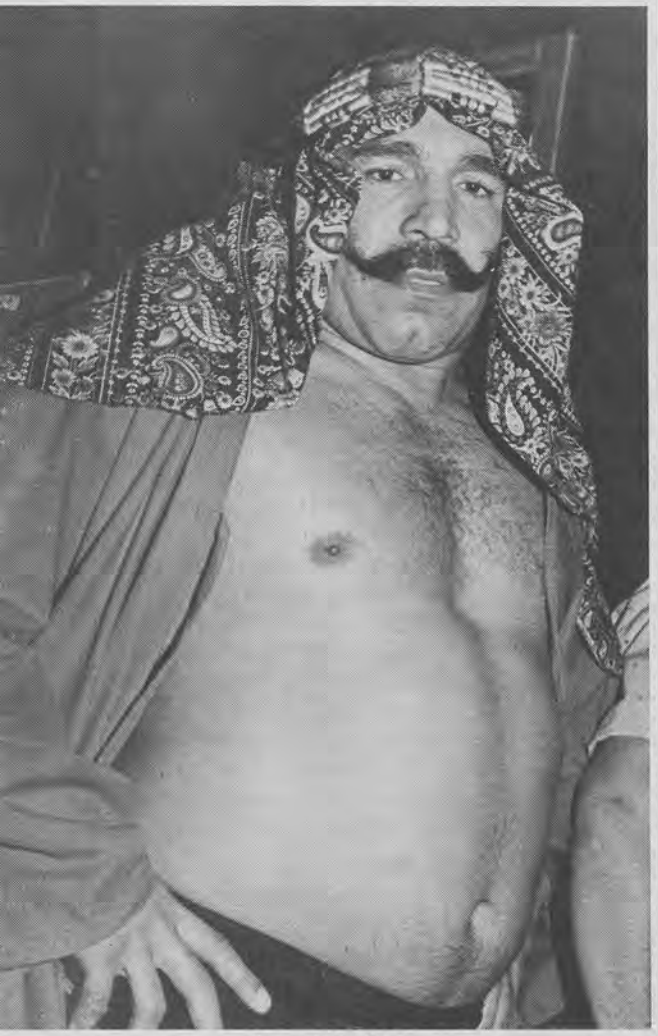

Iron Sheik

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Wrestling World®

JUNE 1986
Vol. 26, No. 6

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PINUP PHOTOS: VALENTINE (Bud Bauer), PIPER (Twig Martin), HANSEN (George Napolitano)

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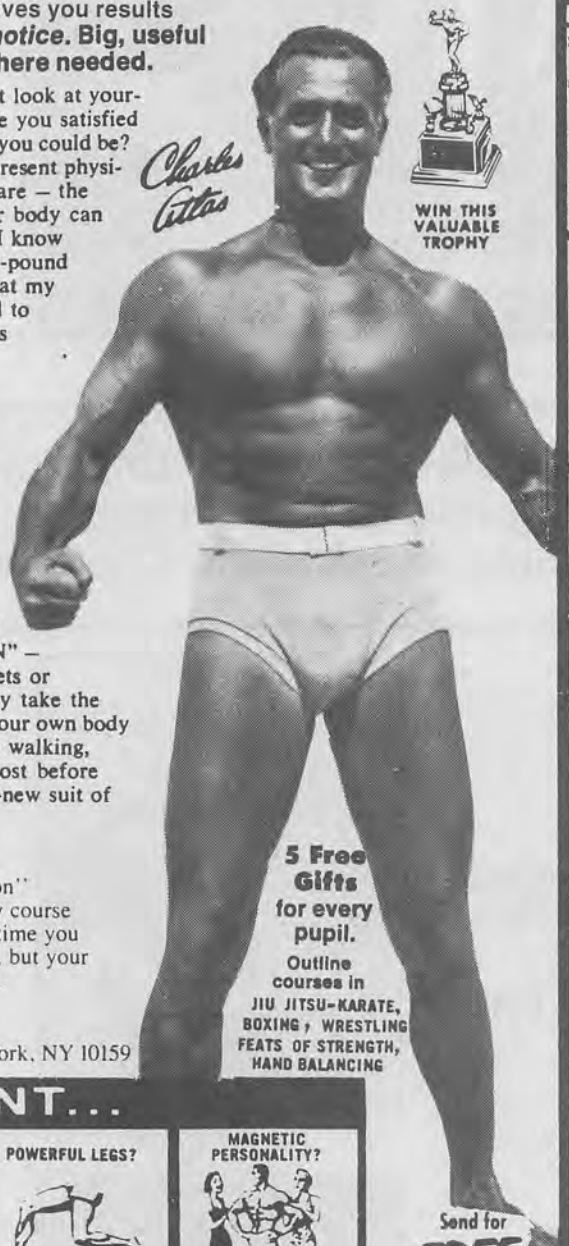

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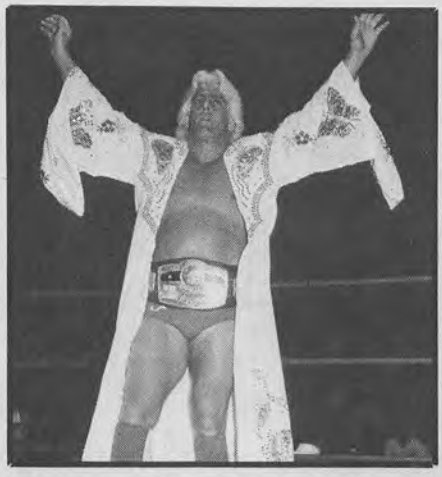

Ric Flair

Hulk Hogan

Stan Hansen

National Wrestling Alliance Champion: RIC FLAIR
World Wrestling Federation Champion: "HULK" HOGAN
American Wrestling Association Champion: STAN HANSEN

1. Kerry Von Erich
2. Rick Martel
3. Ted DiBiase
4. Dusty Rhodes
5. "Macho Man" Randy Savage
6. "Magnum T.A.," Terry Allen
7. "King Kong" Brody
8. "Hacksaw" Jim Duggan
9. "Mr. Wonderful," Paul Orndorff
10. Kevin Von Erich
11. Dick Murdoch
12. "King Kong" Bundy
13. "Freebird" Terry Gordy
14. Terry Funk
15. Andre the Giant
16. Tito Santana
17. "Hacksaw" Butch Reed
18. Sgt. Slaughter
19. "Rowdy" Roddy Piper
20. Nikita Koloff
21. Kamala, the Ugandan Giant
22. Harley Race
23. "Big John" Studd
24. Tully Blanchard
25. "Gentleman" Chris Adams

Harley Race

Terry Funk

26. "Crusher" Blackwell
27. Ricky Steamboat
28. Dick Slater
29. Nick Bockwinkel
30. "Freebird" Michael Hayes
31. Junkyard Dog
32. Antonio Inoki
33. Greg Valentine
34. "Gorgeous" Jimmy Garvin
35. Magnificent Muraco
36. Gino Hernandez
37. Adrian Adonis
38. Tommy "Jumbo" Tsuruta
39. Billy Jack Haynes
40. Tatsumi Fujinami
41. Terry Taylor
42. Steve "Dr. Death" Williams
43. Masked Superstar
44. Jim Brunzell
45. Rick Rude
46. Road Warrior Animal
47. Greg Gagne
48. One Man Gang
49. Riki Choshu
50. Iron Sheik

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MONSTERS OF THE MAT VOL. 4

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ROUND 3
MONSTERS OF THE MAT VOL. 5

STEVE REGAL vs. BRAD REINEGANS *AWA Junior Weight Championship* • **SHERRY MARTEL vs. CANDY DEVINE** *AWA Women's World Championship* • **GREG GAGNE, CURT HENIG, SCOTT HALL vs. ZYBSZKO, BOCKWINKEL, STEVENS** *6 Man Tag Team Championship* • **RICK MARTEL vs. STAN HANSON** *AWA World's Heavyweight Championship*

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MAT MAIL

IWA UNDERWAY

Dear Mat Mail,

The IWA is off and wrestling, with three leagues formed and another on the way, totaling over 150 tough competitors. THE SKELETONE, from parts unknown and managed by Marvelous Mark Bertone, is the All-Star League champion. DR. PAIN, managed by Warlock Jason Kinsey of Akron, Ohio toppled The Master from the Battle Royal League throne while THE PILLSBURY DOUGH BOY copped the Grand Masters League championship for his manager Seth Schonberger of Edison, N.J. Tag-team tournaments in each league have also begun.

The IWA is proving to be great fun for those involved, and we're giving away a $15 prize for the next month's matches! We want to thank WRESTLING WORLD for letting its fans in on the IWA and remind others to join the excitement by sending for an application to:

IWA,
Box 5275,
Willowick, Ohio
44094-0275.

MACHO-MANIA

Dear Mat Mail,

I think "Macho Man" Randy Savage could beat any of his opponents. He has great wrestling ability and can trample anyone who gets in his way. He will defeat Hulk Hogan and win the W.W.F. belt. "Macho Man" has bigger muscles than Hulk Hogan and soon "Macho-Mania" will be running wild! Once Macho Man gets his hands on Hogan the Hulkster will be dirt! Everybody thinks Hogan is number one but he isn't. Randy Savage is number one and always will be!

Chris Odom
Springville, New York

ROADIES REVIVAL

Dear Mat Mail,

I am writing to your magazine because I liked the article on the Road Warriors (WW Feb. '86). They really are "Beyond Unbeatable!" I think the Road Warriors are the best tag team in wrestling. I like Hawk the best because he is taller and built better than Animal. But they are a great duo! I especially liked the match when the Road Warriors beat the Russians. I hope you will have more articles on the Road Warriors!

Buddy Ginder
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Hulk Hogan

ROOKIE OF THE YEAR

Dear Mat Mail,

I just purchased my first copy of WRESTLING WORLD, the February 1986 issue, but it certainly won't be my last purchase of your magazine. As far as I'm concerned, it's the best informative wrestling magazine published.

All of the articles were great but I and many of my friends especially liked your article about 19-year-old Kendall Windham. Although he's young, we think he's the best newcomer we've ever seen. We are now devoted fans of Kendall's. Since your magazine is number one with us, we hope to see more of our number one—Kendall Windham—in your magazine.

Larry Brannam & Friends
Harrisburg, Illinois

THE HULKSTER

Hulk Hogan is still number one,
He's the champ, the big gun!
Most opponents look like clowns,
Trying to put the mighty champ down.
Some try to pin him to the mat,
But they wind up flat on their backs!
He's the greatest champion of all,
He answers every challenger's call.
He's an awesome figure in the ring
And Hulkamaniacs surround the ring!
Muscles ripple beneath his golden tan,
The arena's packed with Hulkster fans!
He's a warm man with a heart of gold,
Most deserving of the gold he holds!
Hulk Hogan is the champion's name,
Wrestling is his claim to fame.
I hope Hulk remains champ for years,
For the world has only begun to cheer!
Hulk, you're honest, brave, and true,
The U.S. is proud to have a champ like you!

Phylis Kerns
Baltimore, Maryland

WFIA SELECTS CONVENTION SITE!

The Wrestling Fans International Association is pleased to announce the selection of Houston, Tex. as the site of its Annual Convention. The convention will be held from August 6th through 9th, 1986. Our upcoming convention promises to

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WFIA was founded in 1967 by a group of very dedicated pro wrestling fans. It is the largest organization of its kind and is the only fan-oriented group which is multi-national in its scope. Our objective is to strengthen the important relationship between fans, wrestlers, and promoters.

As the WFIA is highly regarded within the professional wrestling world, response to and support of WFIA convention activities in the past has been great. At our 1985 Kansas City Convention, notable wrestling personalities such as Ric Flair, Harley Race, Danny Collins (European Champ), and Debbie Combs were in attendance.

Although the convention is still in the planning stages, activities at previous gatherings provide a useful guide to our intentions for 1986. For example, 1985 convention activities included:

1. A "ring event" allowing members to enter the squared circle and develop a "feel" for the sport.
2. Excellent wrestling cards and events.
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5. Contests (Trivia and Photo).
6. Auction & Raffle.
7. Membership meeting and Awards Banquet.
8. Outside activities (ball games, tours, etc...).

WFIA feels that professional wrestling is truly "THE KING OF SPORTS" and we will continue to aggressively promote professional wrestling. Support as a member and in attending the convention will help us accomplish this.

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USA

RAVES FOR RICH

Dear Mat Mail,

I love your magazine! It has the most updated features and colorful pinups. I'd really appreciate it if you would have an article and color pinup of Tommy Rich. I think he's the best wrestler in the world. He has superb talent in the ring, incredible strength, unbeatable good looks and charm, and he definitely has me!

Paula Gilliland
Adamsville, Alabama

ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Dear Mat Mail,

Recently I read your article on the Road Warriors in WRESTLING WORLD February '86. I loved it! I think the Warriors are indeed beyond unbeatable. I am glad they are feuding with the Russians because I get to see more of them in the N.W.A. It was unfair when "Gorgeous" Jimmy Garvin and Steve Regal sprayed mace in Animal and Hawk's eyes and stole the coveted A.W.A. belts.

Keep up the good work!

Guy Barron
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

HULKAMANIAC

Dear Mat Mail,

I loved the article on Hulk Hogan in WRESTLING WORLD February '86. I would appreciate it if you would put a color pinup of him in your issues. I would also like to tell Raymond Blaker and Jeff Eckerson that the Hulkster is the best wrestler in the world.

And your magazine is the best as far as I'm concerned.

Pat Sullivan
Bartlett, Illinois

THE REAL ROADIES

Dear WRESTLING WORLD,

I have been a Road Warrior fan ever since they made their first appearance on the superstation WTBS. I have also seen them wrestle live on a couple of occasions. Your article about the Warriors getting soft is as full of garbage as most of the so-called scientific wrestling teams that they have met in the past. The only

Ric Flair & WFIA president Jim Ross

reason it seems that Hawk and Animal have changed their ways is because they feel that the teams that don't always follow the rules give them a lot better workout. I think the Long Riders and the Fabulous Freebirds, to just name two, are a great deal more of a challenge than any team who only practices the scientific philosophy.

In recent times it has taken three, and sometimes more men to even manage an upper hand on the Legion of Doom. It took outside interference by Michael Hayes to allow Steve Regal and Jim Garvin to win the A.W.A. belts. And when the Warriors got fed up and moved to the N.W.A., they get triple-teamed, one at a time no less, by the Russians Ivan and Nikita Koloff as well as Krusher Kruschev. It doesn't seem like they're getting soft, when teams of this magnitude have to use such tactics.

One more point to be made: The Road Warriors have never held the N.W.A. World belts, but it was the N.W.A.-sanctioned National belts that they held. After they get done sending the Russians back to Moscow they can then set out and get the belts they should have had a long time ago, the N.W.A. World Tag Team title.

Bill Harder
Washington, Indiana

★

THE FOREIGN CONNECTION: RIGHT AT HOME

THE IRON SHEIK and Nikolai Volkoff are two of the most despicable characters on the wrestling scene today. Although they no longer own the W.W.F. Tag Team title these two foreigners are still a potent threat, thanks in part to their manager, "Classy" Freddie Blassie.

It was Blassie who put the combo of the Sheik and Volkoff together. And if it wasn't for his astute genius, the Iron Sheik and Volkoff would be floundering somewhere in the middle of the pack today, relative unknowns.

"I knew Nikolai Volkoff would be a perfect partner for the Iron Sheik," Blassie bragged. "I was the man responsible for bringing Nikolai Volkoff to this country. He was a big, raw kid with plenty of unharnessed talent when I first met him. Immediately I knew that I had found a diamond in the rough. I worked with him and I taught him all I knew. I molded him into my ideal champion and then I unleashed him on America. Boy was that something!" Blassie recalled with a chuckle.

"My man Volkoff nearly killed that grape-stomping Sammartino when that smelly Italian had the belt. But we were cheated out of the title then. If we weren't, the belt would still be in our hands now!"

Following his brawl with Sammartino, Volkoff returned to Russia only to resurface during Bruno's second reign as champion. Once again the 6-8 Russian battled for the championship but the powerful 300-pounder came up empty-handed for a second time. Disgraced, Volkoff returned to his homeland, fearing exile to Siberia.

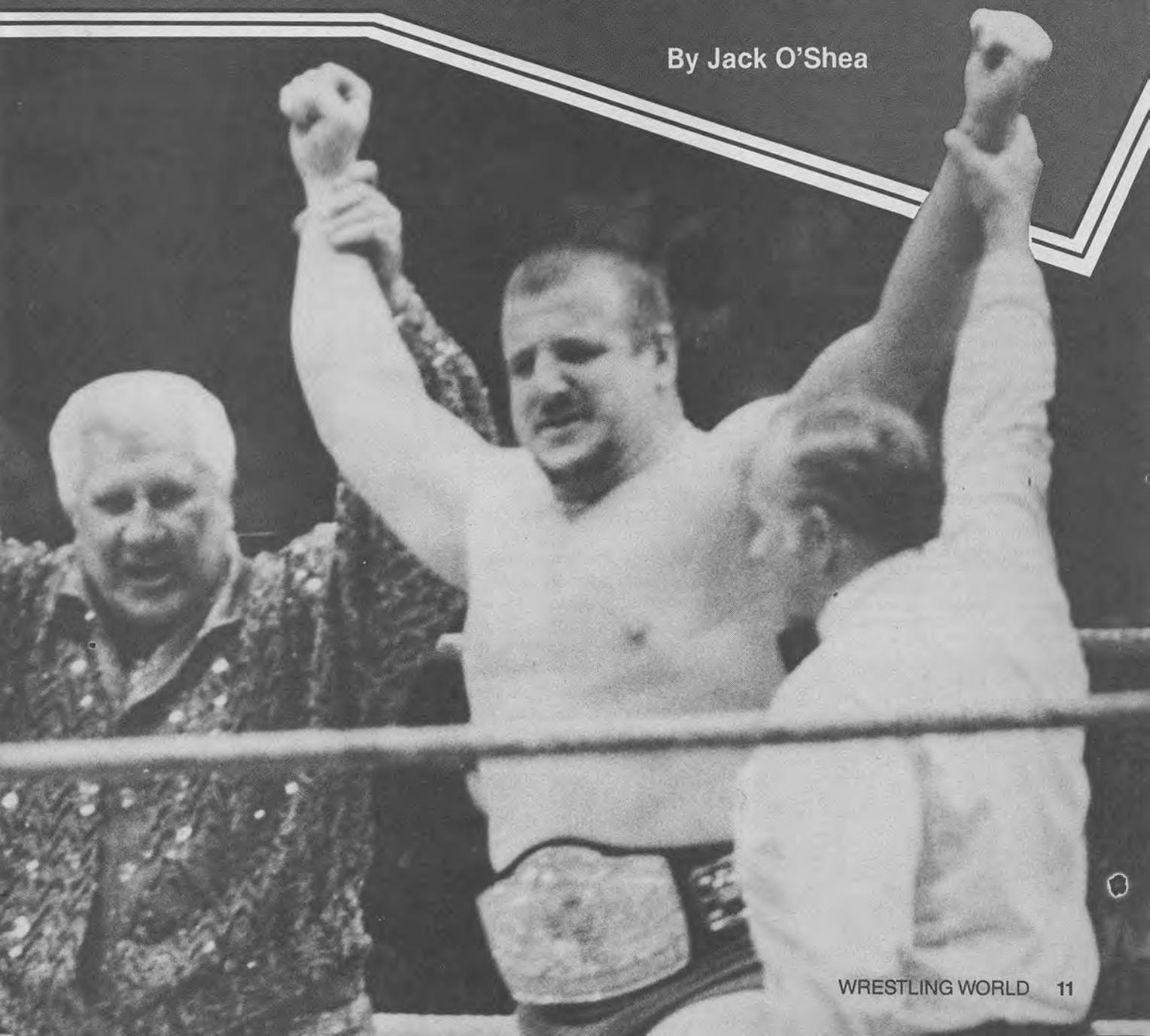
In the ensuing year, Bruno Sammartino lost the W.W.F. title to the "All-American Boy," Bob Backlund. It was during Backlund's first year as champion that the Iron Sheik burst on the scene.

At the time he was known as the Great Hossein but there was no mistaking his ferocious style. He had the moves, the fire, and the viciousness of a killer. This, plus the fact that he was managed by the inimitable Fred Blassie, made the Iranian one of the most dangerous men in the sport. Hossein and Backlund locked horns innumerable times with each match generating more excitement than the one before. But no matter how hard he tried the Iranian just couldn't defeat Backlund.

Eventually Hossein left the area but Blassie vowed that the Iranian would return with a vengeance some time in the future. Two years later, the "Hollywood

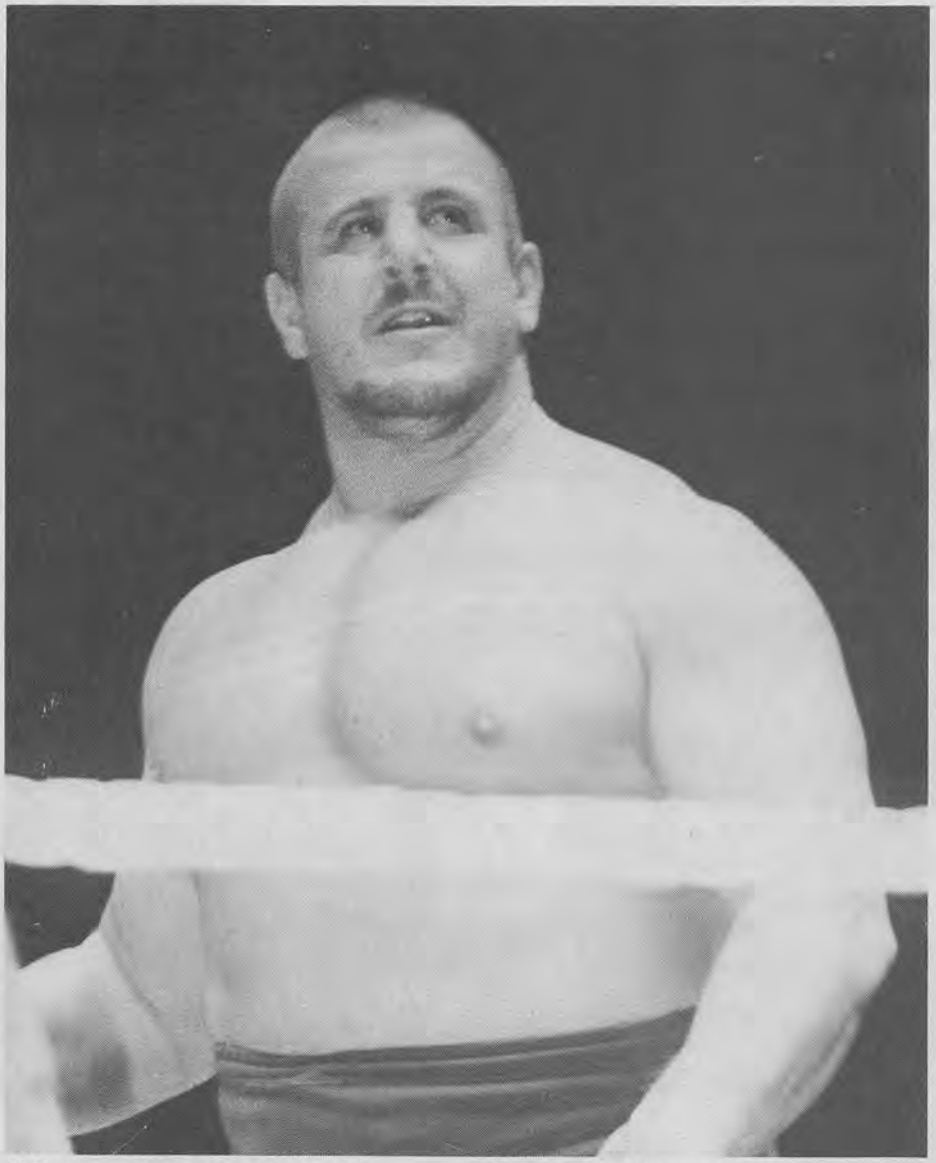
Although former W.W.F. champ the Iron Sheik and his Russian counterpart, the 300-pound Nikolai Volkoff, are far from home they're certainly on familiar ground in the rough and tumble tag-team competition of the W.W.F. Determined to be ex-champs no longer, the Sheik and Volkoff have launched a terror campaign unlike any other seen in wrestling annals!

By Jack O'Shea



THE FOREIGN CONNECTION

At 6-8 and over 300 pounds, Nikolai Volkoff is a formidable foe in the ring. And with his partner the Iron Sheik, who is no slouch himself, the "Foreign Connection" looks set for future frays in the squared circle.



Fashion Plate's" prediction came true. This time around, however, Hossein changed his name, billing himself as the Iron Sheik.

Not too long after the Iron Sheik entered the W.W.F., the United States and Iran became embroiled in a major crisis. Angry Iranians held helpless U.S. citizens hostage while Americans here at home mourned. All during this time the Iron Sheik wrestled in the U.S. and flaunted his Iranian citizenship. Needless to say, all the fans were up in arms whenever the Sheik came to the ring and began waving the Iranian flag.

The Iranian crisis both helped and hindered the Sheik's career. Due to the conflict, everyone wanted to wrestle the Sheik. It is no surprise that the Sheik was booked for matches against all of the big stars in the sport. The Sheik loved his new-found fame but night after night the Iranian found himself waging a war for himself, his country, and its citizens against America.

During the prolonged crisis, the Sheik received death threats constantly and due to this the U.S. government was forced to supply the Sheik with a bodyguard at all times.

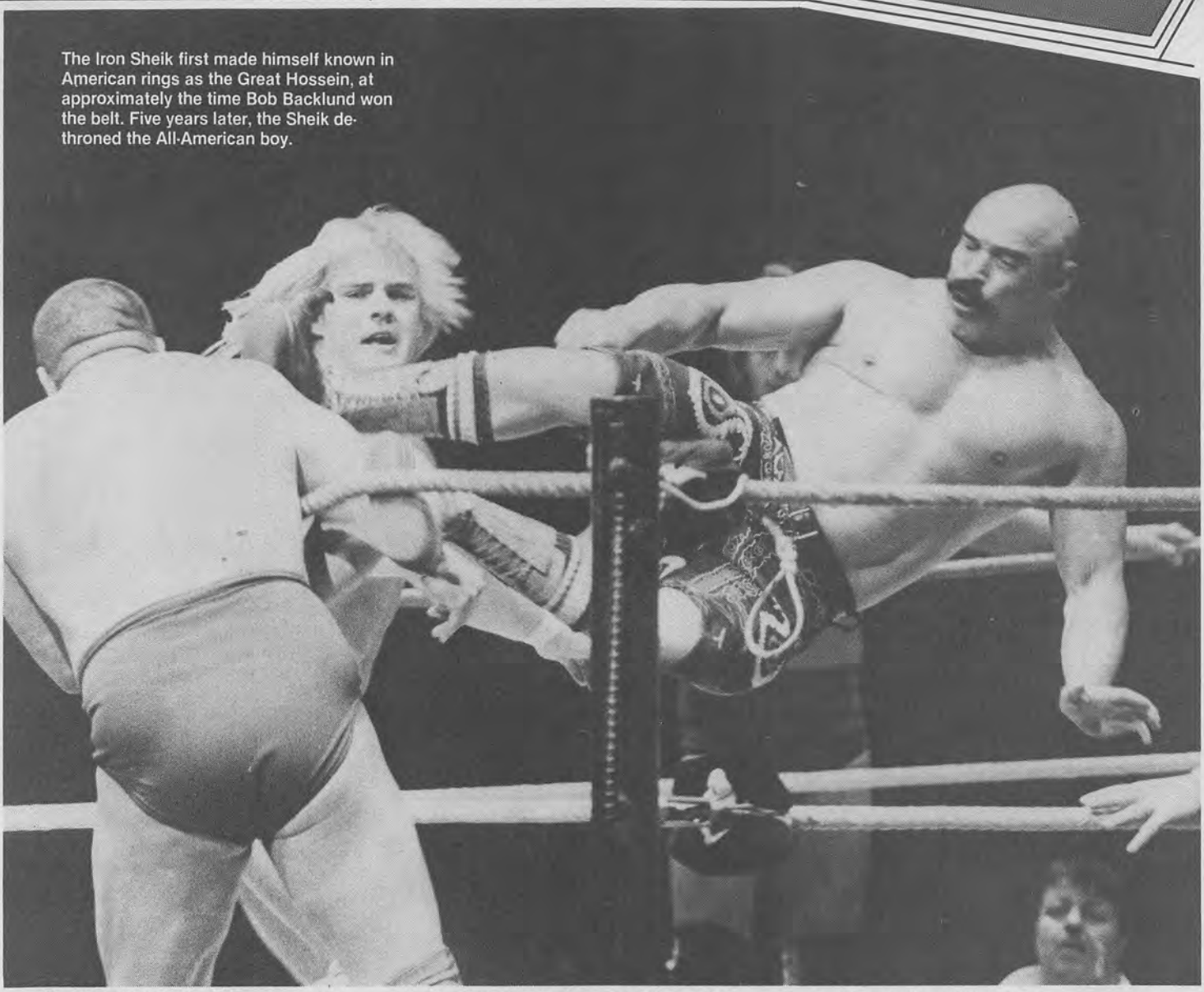
The Iranian hostage crisis helped and hindered the Iron Sheik's mat career. The fans hated him and so did most of the other wrestlers, but just about every grappler going wanted to square off against the Iranian. Thus the Sheik got the chance to show his stuff against the best.

Although the Sheik never actually condoned his countrymen's actions he never once spoke out against them and this angered every one of the fans. Many times during the hostage crisis the Sheik came ever-so-close to defeating Backlund but in the end the Sheik was just never able to pin the talented champs' shoulders to the mat.

Not too long after the Iranian crisis was resolved the Iron Sheik left the area but still harbored the realization that he had unfinished business to attend to. In 1983, Freddie Blassie brought the Iron Sheik back to W.W.F. turf. Although he still used his patented suplexes and take-downs, the Iranian didn't wrestle with the same intensity that he had during his earlier tenure. This, however, didn't last very long.

Within weeks, Blassie altered the Sheik's style and he immediately became a devastating force on the wrestling scene. The Iron Sheik then began to pile up an impressive winning streak and eventually was granted a W.W.F. title match against five-year champ Backlund. Their bout was another classic confrontation but this time the Sheik had the upper hand throughout most of the battle.

Once the Sheik clamped on his dreaded Camel Clutch the Madison Square Garden crowd became somewhat subdued. As



The Iron Sheik first made himself known in American rings as the Great Hossein, at approximately the time Bob Backlund won the belt. Five years later, the Sheik dethroned the All-American boy.

the Sheik applied the pressure, Arnold Skaaland, Backlund's manager, squirmed in his ringside chair.

Finally Skaaland, seeing his champion gasping for air and grimacing in pain, threw in the towel! Backlund had been defeated! By an Iranian, no less! The Iron Sheik was the new W.W.F. champion!

The Garden crowd was stunned. No one ever expected the Iron Sheik to win the crown, but to everyone's dismay the bad man from Iran was indeed their new champion.

Needless to say, the Iron Sheik's championship reign was brief. The following month, Hulk Hogan easily barreled over the Iranian to become the new Federation champion. Blassie and the Sheik vehemently disputed the outcome and it must be noted that the Hulk was actually a last-minute substitution for Backlund, who was injured. Blassie and the Sheik claimed that they never agreed to defend the title against the Hulkster but their appeal was denied.

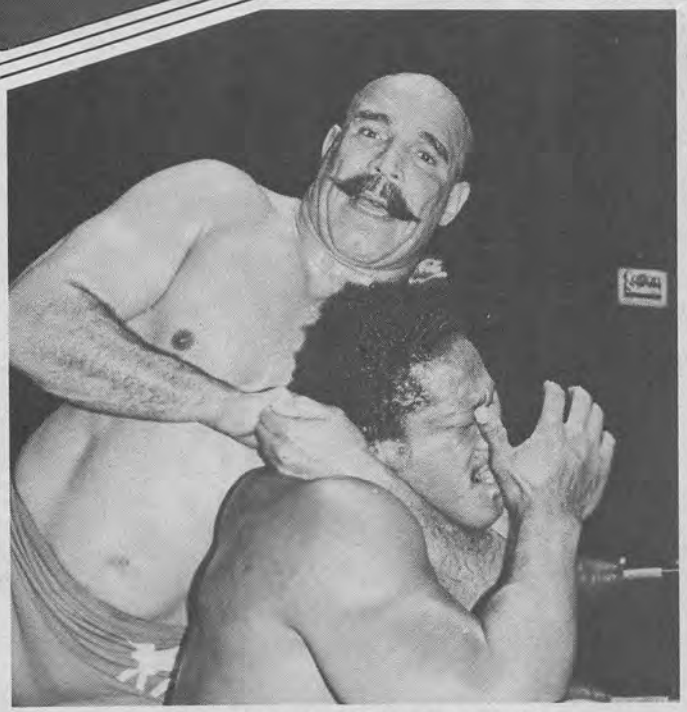
Following the loss, the Iron Sheik languished like a lost soul in the W.W.F. for a couple of months. Eventually, Blassie brought the big Russian, Nikolai Volkoff, back into the area to team up with the Iranian. The two foreigners hit it off perfectly.

For the next several months Volkoff and Sheik were simply unbeatable. Their big day came on March 31, 1985 at the WrestleMania extravaganza in Madison Square Garden. Wrestling the champions, Barry Windham and Mike Rotundo, Blassie's "Foreign Connection" defeated the "American Express" to cop the coveted tag team title.

Blassie's men held onto the belts for a couple of months before losing them back to Windham and Rotundo in a wild, no-holds-barred struggle. In August, Windham and Rotundo were defeated by Brutus Beefcake and Greg "The Hammer" Valentine, the so-called "Dream Team," and Blassie's men have been chasing them ever since.

Volkoff and the Sheik have already battled Beefcake and

THE FOREIGN CONNECTION



The Iron Sheik ended Backlund's reign with the dreaded Cobra Clutch but he has many other tricks in his arsenal, including his pointy-toed boots, which many grapplers fear are "loaded."

"I knew Nikolai Volkoff would be a perfect partner for the Iron Sheik," brags "Classy" Freddie Blassie. "My man Volkoff nearly killed that grape-stomping Sammartino when that smelly Italian had the belt."

Volkoff insists on singing the Russian national anthem before each bout and the Sheik has been known to wave the colors of Iran proudly. Far from their native lands, the "Foreign Connection" is right at home in the upper echelon of the tag-team rankings.

Valentine. That donnybrook took place in Canada and both teams were disqualified. Now Blassie's men are looking to get a match against the champs somewhere in the U.S. Blassie's charges desperately want the title and they will go to any lengths needed to win it.

"Listen, you pencil-necked geeks," Blassie rants. "My men are the greatest. We'll wrestle anybody and believe me we will win the tag team title!"

Besides Volkoff and the Sheik, Captain Lou Albano's British Bulldogs are gunning for the World Tag Team title. Either one of these two teams could emerge with the celebrated straps. Even if the Bulldogs beat Volkoff and the Sheik to the championship, Blassie is not concerned in the least. "Just imagine what will happen if Lou Albano's two cockerspaniels win the title," Blassie laughed. "Then it will only be a matter of days before my men reign supreme once again!"

Nikolai Volkoff and the Iron Sheik are certainly two of the strongest men in the mat game today. Both are well versed in all aspects of the sport and have held championships on several different occasions. With a combination such as this, it is only a matter of time before Fred Blassie's "Foreign Connection" wins yet another crown. ★

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IN TEXAS EVERY DAY IS V-E DAY

By Len Matthews

In World War II, V-E Day arrived when the enemy surrendered. In Texas, V-E Day arrives every time a Von Erich hits the ring—and the enemy might as well surrender. Fritz, Mike, Kerry, Kevin, Waldo, and now, Lance. . . these are the components of wrestling's only true dynasty: the Von Erich empire.

THE DYNASTY, as rare as it has become, is a popular item in sports. Whether it is the Boston Celtics in basketball, the New York Yankees in baseball, or the Edmonton Oilers in hockey, everybody likes to speculate about how to build a dynasty.

Creating a dynasty in an individual sport like wrestling is much more difficult. A great career involves one man, one talent, one set of accomplishments.

More and more, though, the sons of past great stars have made their marks in wrestling. Perhaps most notable would be the Funks, although their father, the late Dory, Sr., was mainly a regional headliner. Sons Dory, Jr. and Terry both captured the Nation . Wrestling Alliance (N.W.A) Heavyweight crown when that honor was *the* championship in the mat world.

Now, through a complex promotional conflict, what might be wrestling's most true and complete dynasty is starting to emerge. With the full force of an effective promotional machine behind the unlimited skills presented, this emerging dynasty could give modern pro wrestling an even bigger jolt.

The Von Erichs are on the way.

Fritz was indeed a national star. The inventor and master of the Iron Claw, Fritz topped lineups from Canada throughout the United States and into Japan. As his ring career slowed, Fritz became a force in promotion and even served a term as N.W.A. president after legendary promoter Sam Muchnick stepped.

At about that time, the sons of Fritz Von Erich were stepping into the spotlight. Brothers Kevin (the eldest) and David burst into stardom at almost the same time. Barely out of their teens, and with stacks of high school and college credentials in football and basketball, Kevin and David immediately captured the imagination of fans wherever they went.

Soon, another boy, Kerry, started to gain his share of acclaim. All agreed that in terms of raw ability Kerry would surpass whatever Kevin and David did—and they were doing plenty!

Yet tragedy became part and parcel of their potential dynasty as well. Kevin was plagued by knee injuries, which once put his entire career in jeopardy. Jealousy within wrestling circles kept Kevin and David from getting opportunities which they had earned with their blood, sweat, and tears inside the squared circle.

Then the ultimate horror hit: the sudden death of David during a tour of Japan. In typical Von Erich style, David had refused to take even a day off while suffering a severe attack of stomach flu. He made a grueling trip to the Orient, where the cause of his stunning death was determined to be enteritis.

If ever a family could have crumbled, this was the moment. David had clearly been on the verge of his biggest victories, perhaps even winning the N.W.A. title. Never before had he put the pieces of his talent together as well as he had before that fateful trip to Japan.

V-E FEVER: Kevin, the late David, and Kerry (above, from left) in a typically triumphant moment from the annals of the Von Erich legend; Mike (right) handles the bouquets of fame and fortune with traditional V-E taste; Fritz (below) sinks the infamous "Iron Claw" into a gruesomely helpless foe from the past.

But this family hung tough. They mourned, as did the wrestling world. But they never broke. Kevin, Kerry, and young Mike—just making his entry into the pro ranks—dedicated their careers to the memory of their fallen brother.

Kerry was able to hit the climax when he lifted the N.W.A. prize from Ric Flair before a crowd of some 40,000 roaring fans in Dallas' Texas Stadium. This came after several controversial bouts in which both Kevin and Kerry had beaten Flair, only to have the title withheld by some political technicality.

Japan was again unkind to the Von Erichs, because it was there that Kerry lost the crown back to Flair. Perhaps emotions finally caught up with this high-strung young athlete, as this is one of only two clean pins Flair has ever been able to score on Kerry. The records show Kerry has either defeated or put the shoulders of Flair down at least seven times.

Nonetheless, Flair had regained the N.W.A. laurels and here is where the treacherous politics of wrestling conspired against the Von Erichs. By now, the World Wrestling Federation (W.W.F.) expansion was in full swing. The N.W.A. had become not an alliance, but a public-relations arm of Jim Crockett Promotions from North Carolina. The American Wrestling Association (A.W.A.) was trying to grow in order to compete with Vince McMahon's W.W.F.

And nobody was interested in having one of the Von Erichs shatter their own private dreams. The Von Erichs could not get a crack at Flair. Hulk Hogan, ruler of the W.W.F. throne, was unavailable. The A.W.A. would not allow then-champion Rick Martel to risk the title against any of the Von Erichs.

On the other hand, the "World Class Wrestling" television show was a slick, exciting package with a huge and growing audience all over the country. "World Class" had top talent coming in, but none could stop the Von Erichs from reigning supreme.

Once more, though, it appeared that tragedy would strike down the dynasty. Mike Von Erich contracted "shock syndrome" after having a serious shoulder operation. At one point, doctors gave Mike only a few hours to live. The family gathered, prayed, and found strength. Somehow, Mike pulled through and is now contemplating his comeback in wrestling.

Through all of this turmoil, both sad and happy, the clamor has gotten much louder for "World Class Wrestling" to expand on a national basis and carry its thrilling product from New York to California. Reports are that "World Class" has already culminated a deal that sends many of its wrestlers to Japan and that the Von Erichs themselves were the key to putting that contract together.

Local promotions have withered on the vine and most have died. Those that survive are pitifully weak and on the critical list. Now there is the W.W.F., the N.W.A. (in fact, Jim Crockett), the A.W.A., "World Class Wrestling," and Mid-South Wrestling, under the directorship of Bill Watts.

Talk to the fans, though, and the people who pay the freight want to see "World Class" and the Von Erichs. Of course, in some areas this is part of being new and novel. The true test, should "World Class" decide to enlarge its operations, is how well it would do over a period of time. Yet the jury is out on that very same question for the W.W.F. and the N.W.A.

David (left) and Kerry in happy times before fate stepped up and dealt devious blows to the Texas clan. David's untimely death brought vows of success from the rest of the family as they dedicated their careers to their fallen kinsman.

Kerry (below) in his thrilling victory over Flair that brought the N.W.A. title home to V-E country. Kevin (bottom right) swings a tormented foe into oblivion.

If—and it might be a big if—the "World Class" program moves into new localities, the Von Erichs will be the key to success or failure. They could indeed become a true wrestling dynasty. Seeing one of the Von Erichs declared the World Champion would be no surprise.

Look at wrestling history. The first W.W.F. champion was Buddy Rogers and he became champion because Eastern promoters said he was. The first A.W.A. champion was Verne Gagne and he became champion because some disgruntled Midwest promoters said he was. Only the N.W.A. can trace its roots into the 1920s, but in recent years many controversial and disputed decisions have eroded support for this being the "true" title.

So why not declare that one of the Von Erichs is the World Champion? It would have as much validity as that of any other current organization. Furthermore, nobody could question the skills of the man picked to be that champion. After all, aren't the Von Erichs "wrestling's dynasty"?

Other reasons abound why this type of move would make sense. One insider pointed out: "The Von Erichs are never going to get a shot at Hogan. First of all, Hogan is protected by the W.W.F. and never even meets scientific challengers in his own alliance. Tito Santana, the Junkyard Dog, Ricky Steamboat, and now Paul Orndorff are among those who have *never* gotten a crack at Hogan because they are scientific and popular.

"The N.W.A. and 'World Class' are far, far apart, and it's most unlikely Flair would ever get in a ring with any of the Von Erichs right now," this knowledgeable source added. "Anyhow, how often have the Von Erichs defeated Flair, only to be deprived of the crown by some ridiculous technicality? Kevin and Kerry have both proven they are at least the equal of Flair.

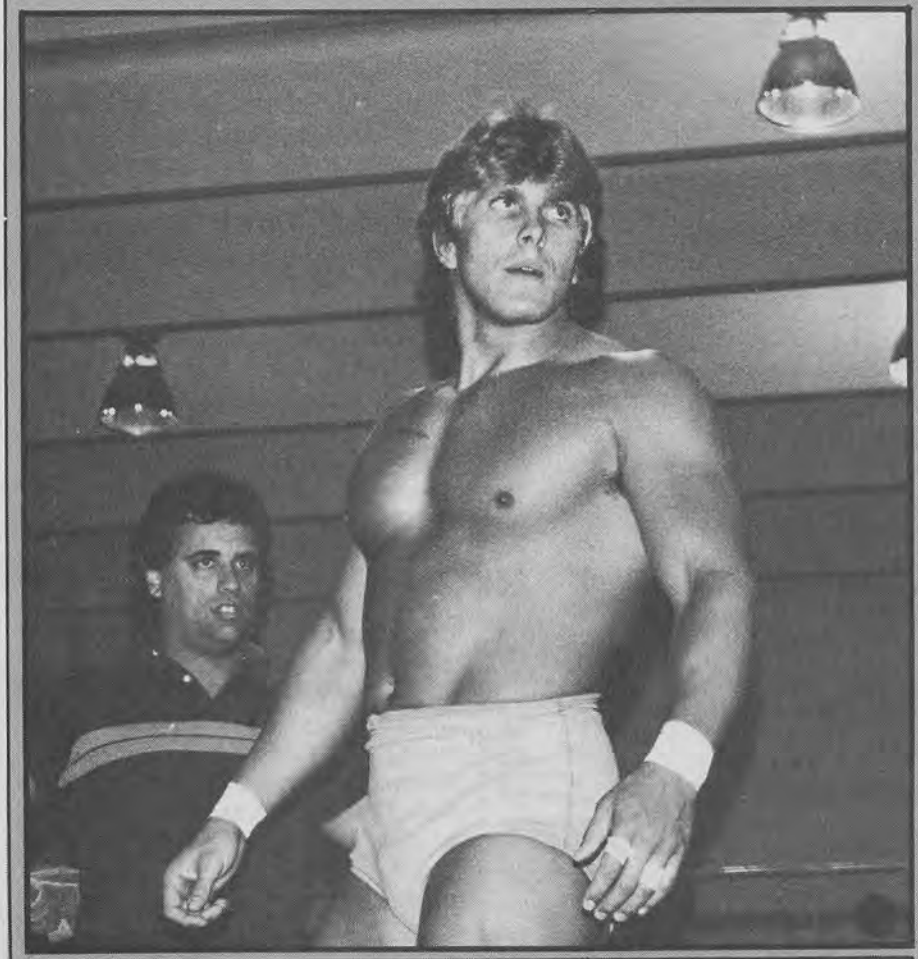
"Finally, the A.W.A. is in a good deal of confusion about its future. Stan Hansen, according to the grapevine, would love to meet the Von Erichs but the politics involved will keep that from ever happening," concluded this mat expert.

Should "World Class" make a move and should a Von Erich be declared its champion, another chapter of intrigue would be added to this "dynasty" story. Mix it all together and the Von Erichs are quite possible the hottest item going today.

The latest (and future greatest?) Von Erich steps into the spotlight: Lance displays his superb physique before battle (below) and meets the press of adoring fans in true V-E style.

NOW ADD a mighty cousin to the mix and the Von Erich family becomes even stronger. Lance Von Erich, son of Waldo and cousin to Kevin and Kerry, is rapidly establishing himself as a true force in the mat world.

V-E DAY II: A GLANCE AT LANCE



One glance at Lance tells a huge part of the story. As handsome as a movie star, the guy is put together like a concrete wall. Muscles bulge and sheer athletic ability is evident in the cat-like way he moves about the ring.

Originally, Lance cut his teeth in pro wrestling in the Pacific Northwest, where he made his mark under the name of Ricky Vaughn. "It was a smart move," noted Fritz, patriarch of the clan. "This allowed him to mature as a wrestler without all the pressure of being a Von Erich. Now he's ready and he's going to get even better."

One thing Lance has already done is make some prominent enemies. "Another Von Erich!" griped Gino Hernandez. "These guys are like rats, crawling out of holes!" That outburst, by the way, came just after Lance had scored an upset victory over the arrogant Hernandez.

"I'm going to do my part," vowed Lance. "I don't want to hurt the reputation of this family, so whenever I see an opportunity I will go full bore to take advantage."

Kevin Von Erich smiled with delight at the thought of Lance. "What an addition! I think Lance can go all the way to the top on his own, and it sure is nice to know there is another Von Erich standout when the situation demands."

How could the public *not* be enthralled by what happens to the Von Erichs? This family lives, loves, bleeds, grieves, cries, fights, grows, and succeeds in the harsh glare of the public spotlight. They are just like everyone, except that their struggles take on epic proportions.

Whether the opponents are the Fabulous Freebirds, or Chris Adams and Gino Hernandez, or a tragic death, or wrestling politics, the Von Erichs have managed to conquer. Whatever the future holds for "World Class Wrestling," the Von Erichs themselves can only thrive and become an even stronger force in today's convoluted mat scene.

A dynasty? By any description, the Von Erichs are becoming wrestling's *true* dynasty. ★ -L.M.

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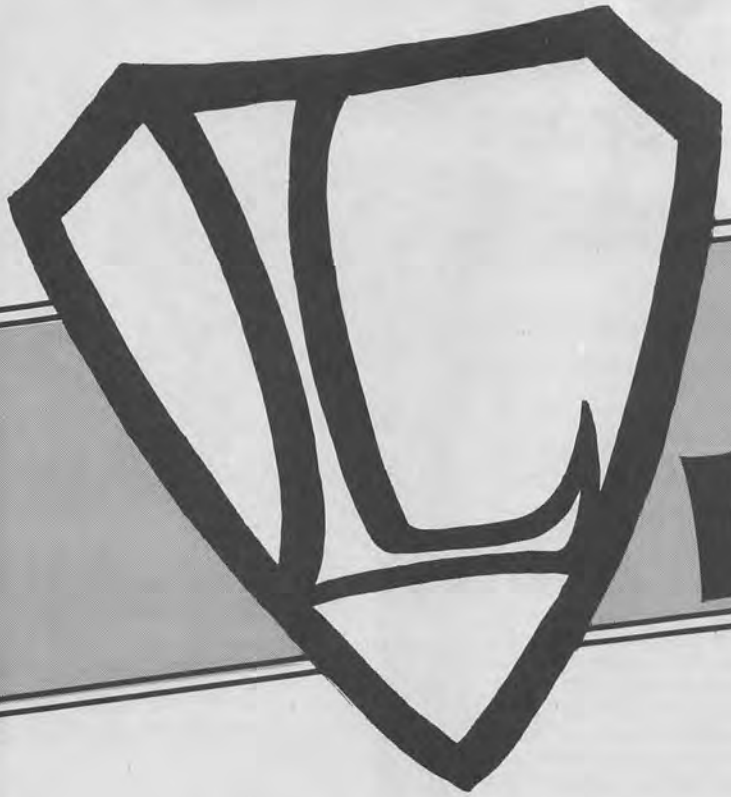


LEX LUGER:

By Jerry Prater

"I was a big comic-book freak as a kid. . . While Superman had it in the muscle department, his principal adversary was a fellow named Lex Luthor, whom I also found to be admirable. . . I preferred Luthor's ethics. He was a man who had his priorities straight," says Luger of his namesake while packing muscles of the super-hero caliber just the same.

I. THE CHRISTENING

LEX LUGER IS regarded as a "male chauvinist pig" by certain of the feminists in our midst, and if these ladies knew how much that bothers Mr. Luger, they'd save their breath. Lex Luger has such a high opinion of himself that it really doesn't seem to matter what anybody else thinks about him.

Well, why not? Lex Luger has the world by the tail. He's 27 years old, a highly-successful professional athlete, and the sort of fellow who is never lacking female admirers, his male chauvinism notwithstanding.

Born Lawrence Luger on June 2, 1958, he took on the name "Lex" for a most interesting reason.

"I was a big comic-book freak as a kid," Luger explains, "and I suppose I never really outgrew it. I especially admired Superman for his great build and his fantastic strength, but his lifestyle was a bummer. He spent most of his time acting like a turkey named Clark Kent. He should have stayed in character all the time and took care of the good-looking women whenever he wasn't chasing bank robbers.

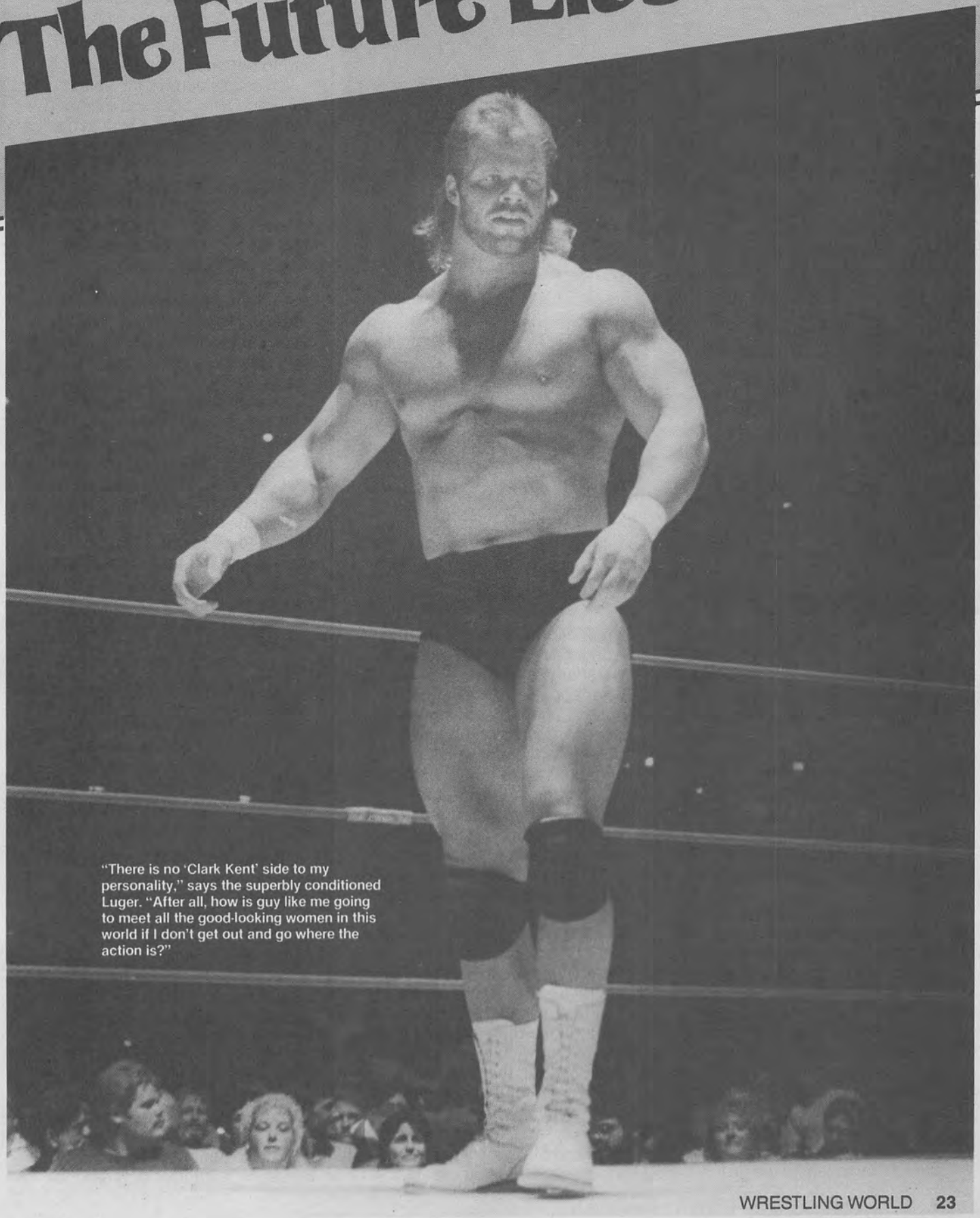
"While Superman had it in the muscle department," he continued, "his principal adversary was a fellow named *Lex* Luthor, whom I also found to be admirable. Superman had the phenomenal strength, but I preferred Luthor's ethics. He was a man who had his priorities straight. If he hadn't been a bald-headed scientist, I expect he'd have been a big hit with the women. If Luthor had Superman's looks, or mine—instead of Gordon Nelson's—there'd have been no stopping him."

Thus, Lawrence Luger took the name "Lex" because that was the name of a fictional character whose "ethics" he admired. Interesting.

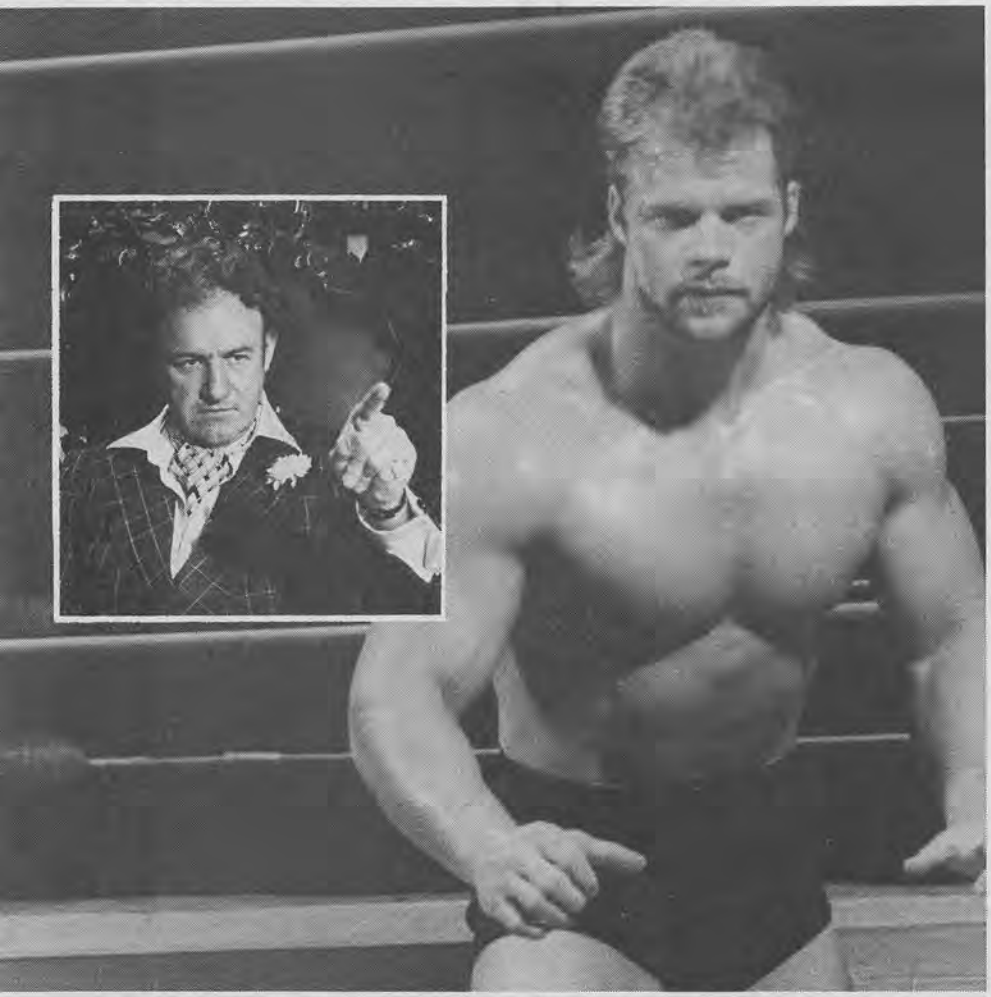
II. THE FORMATIVE YEARS

Lex Luger did not get his education entirely out of comic books, of course. He is a college graduate. When we asked him to elaborate, he said that he went to the University of Miami (Florida) and majored in "sun-tanning." Obviously, that wasn't all, because you have to be a pretty doggoned good athlete to sign on with the Green Bay Packers when you finish school, and that's exactly what Lex Luger did. He had several good seasons with the Packers before deciding to give pro wrestling his full

The Future Lies Ahead



"There is no 'Clark Kent' side to my personality," says the superbly conditioned Luger. "After all, how is guy like me going to meet all the good-looking women in this world if I don't get out and go where the action is?"



The Luger role-model: Lex Luthor (Gene Hackman, in *Superman: The Movie*) points the way for his Man of Steel namesake.

attention.

"Pro football has a lot going for it," Luger admits, "but they're re-writing the rules every season to give the ball-carriers more and more protection. It's getting to where it's no fun for a defensive lineman anymore. Then, there's training camp every summer before the season starts. They expect you to bust your butt out in the hot sun all day, and then not even go out and party in the evening!

"In wrestling, if you want to mess up your opponent you can do it if you're man enough. Then, if you want to go out and party after a match, nobody tells you not to."

We asked Luger if he weren't concerned that he might wind up like Dick Murdoch.

"Murdoch may be a raunch," says Luger, "but he's also damned successful. He does as he pleases, and he can do as he pleases because he's a pro wrestler and not some *gibrone* working for an hourly wage. A wrestler is a free agent, and that's what appeals to me."

Lex Luger recently underwent several months of intensive training with veteran Hiro Matsuda, twice holder of the World Junior Heavyweight championship. We asked him if he felt that this would profit him in terms of his future ring career.

"I didn't endure the hell Matsuda put me through just to learn how to speak broken English!" he quipped. "The man is a *fanatic* on conditioning. He hasn't wrestled in several years, but he's still in better shape than half the guys in the business. And I don't think there's a hold that he doesn't know 16 variations on. Besides that, the man is a sadist—and that's another trait that I admire.

"Hey," Luger went on, "you followed Matsuda's career for a lot of years; did you ever know him to suffer a serious injury?"

We had to admit that we did not—and Hiro Matsuda met (and usually defeated) the best in his day, including a few notorious "cripplers."

"Right you are!" Luger asserted. "And I'll tell you *why* Matsuda didn't get hurt in the ring. It's because he always stayed in fantastic shape."

All right, so here we have Lex Luger expressing his admiration for a strict training regimen, and yet asserting that he likes to "party." Which is it going to be? You can't have it both ways.

"Now, wait a minute," Luger objected. "Maybe *you* can't have it both ways, but *I* can have it any way I want it. When I was training with Matsuda, he set the pace and I stayed with him. He didn't tell me to go to bed at eight o'clock and not to drink anything stronger than Ovaltine; as long as I could hack the routine, that was all that mattered. After all, how is a guy like me going to meet all the good-looking women in this world if I don't get out and go where the action is?"

We reminded Lex that he has been called a "male chauvinist pig" by any number of women. Obviously, he doesn't get along particularly well with *all* the ladies.

"So, who cares about getting along with *all* of them?" he demanded. "What I care about are the 10s, and they are few and far between. The ones who are calling me a 'male chauvinist pig' are the sweat-hogs who'd be lucky to get any man, let alone a guy like me. Life is entirely too short to waste on ugly women, which is why I am very particular—but then, *I* can afford to be. The average guy can't, so if average guys have to escort the sweat-hogs, that's no concern of mine, and neither is what the sweat-hogs think about me!"

III. CLASS CHARACTER

Winning the Southern Heavyweight championship was a big milestone in Lex Luger's career. He had to beat a lot of top contenders just to get a shot at the belt. It was his first major championship, and no one could accuse him of failing to recognize its importance.

On one occasion, Luger was involved in a six-man tag team event which did not get properly introduced because Luger's team went after its opponents halfway through the introductions. Considering the potential for being subject to a stray body-slam, the ring announcer wisely departed. Once the referee restored order, however, Luger *insisted* that he would not continue until he had been introduced.

"I am the Southern Heavyweight champion," he declared, "and it would not be at all fitting for this contest to continue in the absence of my proper introduction!"

A "loner" by preference, Lex Luger does not often involve himself in tag-team competition, but when he does, it is not uncommon to see him in the company of Kevin Sullivan, the self-acclaimed "Prince of Darkness."

Because Sullivan is something of a megalomaniac, those who associate with him usually wind up surrendering their wills, even their identities, to this singularly sinister individual. Consider Maha Singh and the Purple Haze—compare the men they once were to the obedient zombies they have become. And consider Angel Vachon, a beautiful young girl who had the misfortune of falling into Sullivan's clutches. . . .

"Ah, yes," Luger remarked, "Angel Vachon. Kevin calls her 'Miss Luna' now. Gave her a Maha Singh hairdo and a makeup job in the process. I thought that showed real class."

"Real class"? Is shaving one side of a girl's head and making one side of her face up like a side-show freak *class*?

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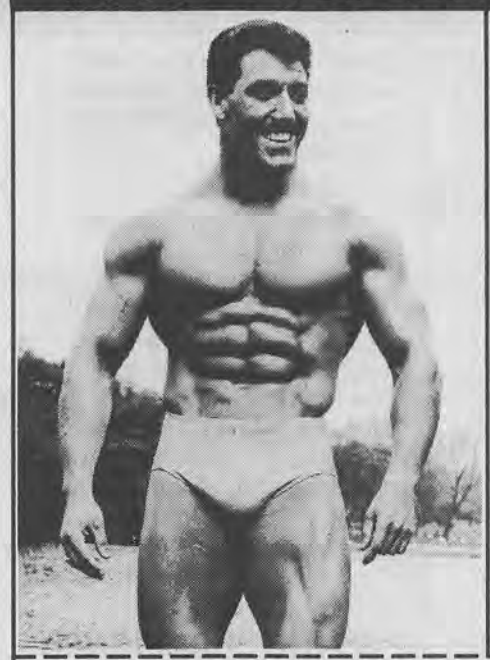

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"Hey, the broad loved it!" Luger grinned. "She *begged* him to do it. Women are all like that, once you get past the front that most of them like to put on. Women crave to be *dominated*; I don't care if they're corporate executives, movie stars, or society women—I don't care if they burn their bras and march in protest demonstrations with Big Gloria and the rest of that crowd—they want a man to show them who's boss. The worse you treat a woman, the better she likes it. Kevin Sullivan has the right philosophy."

And has this philosophy worked for Lex Luger?

"Magnificently," he responded; "but of course, in my case, not much technique is required. The magnetism comes naturally. There is no 'Clark Kent' side to my personality."

Indeed, there isn't. For all that Lex Luger might admire Kevin Sullivan's outlook, Lex has not surrendered his own individuality.

IV. THE CHAMPIONSHIP RACE

Asked who was the toughest opponent he ever faced in the ring, Luger replied, "That might be a little hard to say. I've met—and defeated—the best in the game, and I've actually done more than that. I have *sought out* the toughest opponents the sport of wrestling has to offer, simply because I haven't time to waste with pushovers.

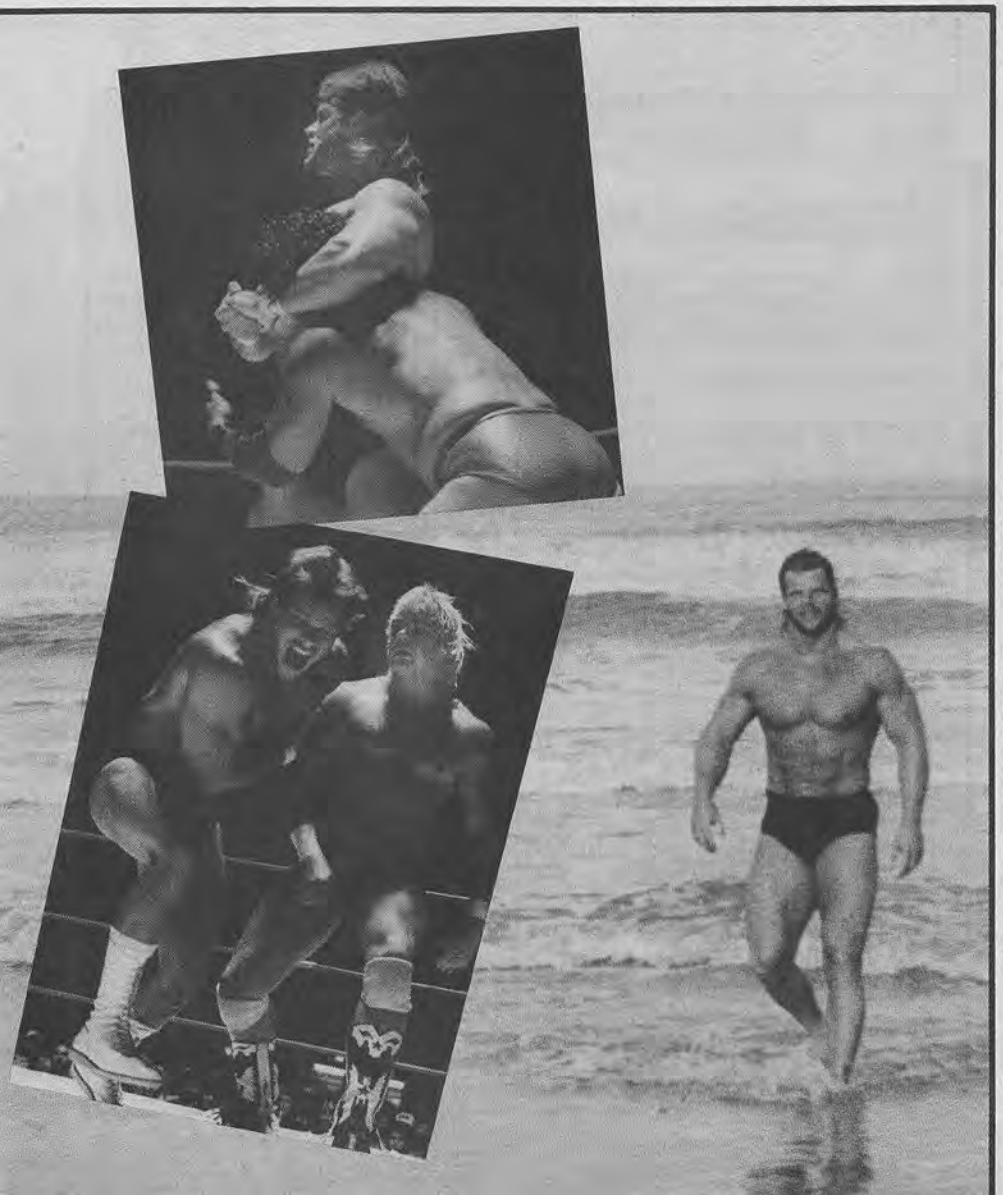
"But you asked me about my toughest opponent, didn't you? So, let me drop a name that should satisfy anyone. How about Harley Race, seven times holder of the N.W.A. World Heavyweight championship? They don't come much tougher than Race. That guy doesn't know the meaning of the word 'quit.' I am not surprised that he got to the top in his chosen field, not just once, but *seven times*!"

Harley Race has recently been campaigning for a return shot at current N.W.A. champ "Nature Boy" Ric Flair. We asked Luger how he thought Harley might do against the reigning title-holder.

"If anyone can beat Flair—present company excepted—Harley Race can. Obviously, Ric has class, too. He treats women with the appropriate disdain, and they love it. You've got to have class and you've got to be the best if you want to be a champion, that's all there is to it."

There is, of course, quite some difference between being *a* champion and being *the* champion. The N.W.A. title is the most sought-after championship in pro wrestling today, and Lex Luger makes no bones about the fact that he'd like to add his name to the impressive roster that dates back to Frank Gotch and the turn of the century.

"The big one looms ahead," Luger suggests, "and it is a large part of the driving force which motivates me toward even bigger and better things. It is the goal of all professional wrestlers, and yet only a few ever achieve it. So you are probably wondering why I feel that I can capture the big one when so many top contenders



Lex Luger takes some time off from the mat wars with such seasoned veterans as Cocoa Samoa and Barry Windham (insets). Luger claims to have majored in "sun-tanning" at the University of Miami.

have tried and failed.

"Well, never mind asking the question, because I'm going to answer it for you right now. I am going to become World Heavyweight champion because there is always room at the top for anyone who is good enough—and I'm good enough. I have the strength, the conditioning, and the wrestling skill to do it. I have sufficient experience, and yet I'm still young.

"In other words, I have it all. I have the ideal combination of qualities that it takes to distinguish a truly great competitor from those who are merely good."

When we asked Lex how he would wrestle a former champion like Dusty Rhodes, he answered, "I work on a man's weakness. In Rhodes' case, his leg was broken last year in a match with Ric Flair. I am stronger than Flair, so if Flair can break Rhodes' leg, so can I. Another former champion might have a different weak spot, but no problem—I'll find it!"

And what is Lex Luger's own "weak spot?"

"That's what sets me apart from the rest of the field," Lex boasts. "I don't have a weak spot. Come to think of it, a weak spot is the only thing I don't have. Oh well, I guess there just weren't enough to go around."

We reminded Mr. Luger that he also doesn't have the N.W.A. championship—at least not yet.

"Neither did most of the *other* all-time greats when they were my age," Luger pointed out. "I am only now gaining the international recognition I deserve. I am a versatile athlete, and spent several years playing pro football. I am now emerging as a top contender among world-class wrestlers; but as I said, I am still young, and the future lies ahead."

Indeed it does, and it looks very much as though it could be an exceedingly bright future for Mr. Lex Luger. Success in his chosen profession seems to be part of his destiny.

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THERE'S NO HEART IN THE HART FOUNDATION

By Allan Bolte

THE GYM WAS unusually crowded for such an early weekday morning. A wide variety of of bodybuilders—both men and women, all ages, shapes, and sizes—were pumping iron. Of the 40 or so lifters around, two in particular stood out—they were the loudest, and quite possibly, the most obnoxious.

Brett Hart grabbed a pair of dumbbells and began pumping them. The muscles in his arms bulged as he added more weight. Meanwhile, 10 feet away, Jim "The Anvil" Neidhart was doing push-ups and sit-ups, waiting to use one of the machines.

"Come on Brett, add 50 more pounds," Neidhart shouted to him. "You can do it. You're young, tough, and strong. Come on, put on more weight—how else are you gonna build muscle?"

The two were training at the famous Gold's Gym at Albany Hill, located just a few miles north of Oakland, Calif. They were scheduled for a tag team match the following night at Oakland's Coliseum Arena.

WRESTLING WORLD had made arrangements to meet them at the gym for a quick interview. "But no pictures," Hart shouted. "You even try to take a picture and I'll break your neck, right here. I said we'd let you interview us—that's it. I don't have time for pictures. And we've been in better shape; I only like to be photographed when I'm in my prime."

Standing a few feet from them was Tom Platz, a highly-successful bodybuilder who has won such titles as Mr. Olympia and Mr. World. Platz, currently living in southern California but on a month's business trip in San Francisco, admitted that it's a pleasure training with the two.

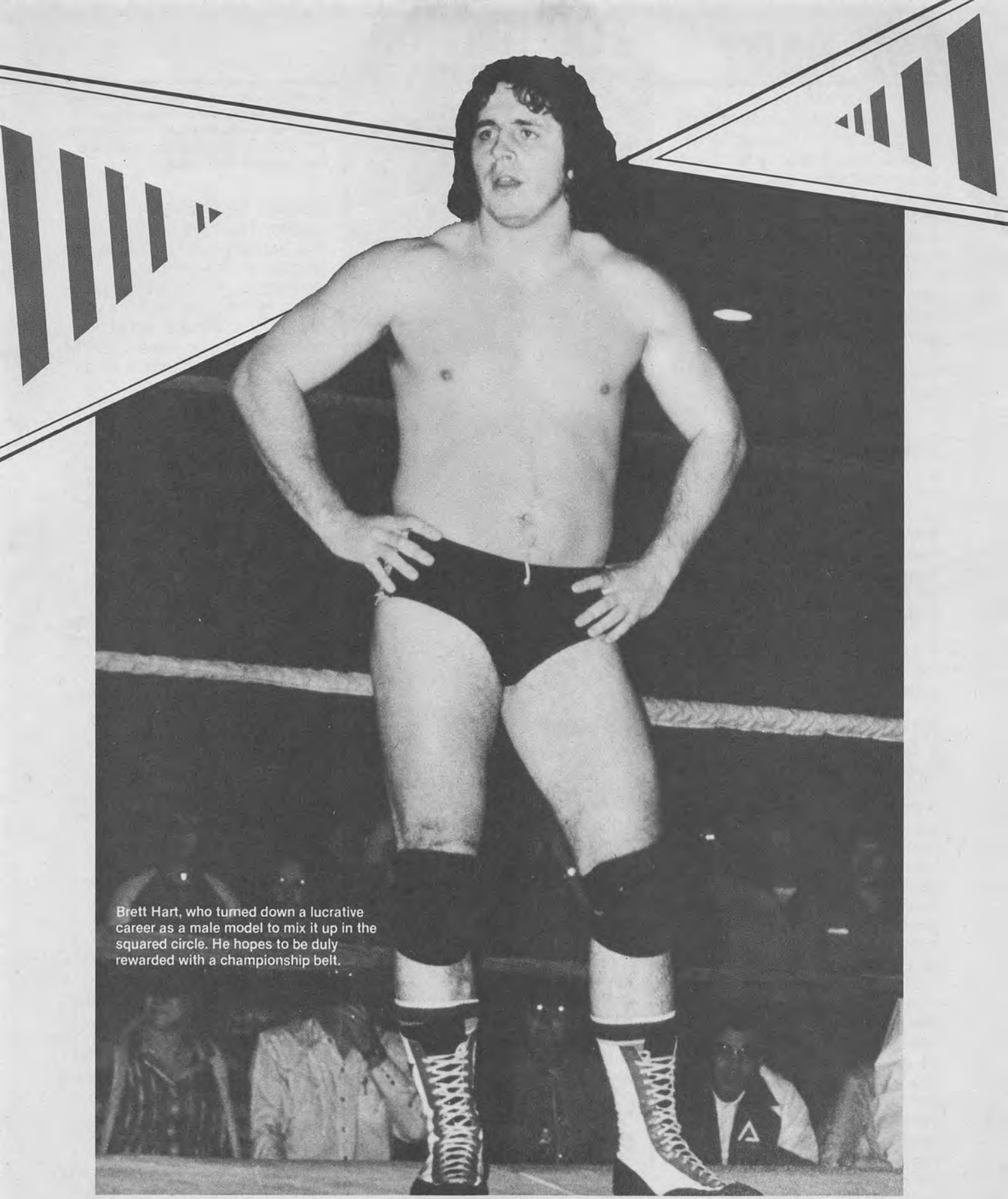
"They have big mouths, and I'm not being derogatory," Platz told WRESTLING WORLD. "But they're stronger than bulls. I've been lifting weights for 17 years, and I've traveled the country watching different powerlifters and bodybuilders. Although these two are not in the physical condition to compete in bodybuilding, particularly Neidhart, they still are strong and tough."

Platz says he has trained with the two on three occasions and that each was an experience. "They certainly pushed me as far as I could go. They are perfectionists. I saw Neidhart pick up over 400 pounds once. I'd hate to have him pick me up like that in the ring."

After another hour or so of training, the two took a quick shower then suggested heading for a nearby restaurant. "A thick rare steak with a salad sounds good to me," Hart said. "Maybe even a nice glass of red wine. I'm starved."

Hart pulled on a tight-fitting Gold's Gym tank-top, then informed us where the meeting spot would be. Ten minutes later, we sat at a large round table in a Berkeley, Calif. restaurant, overlooking the bay and San Francisco skyline.

As the waitress poured the



Brett Hart, who turned down a lucrative career as a male model to mix it up in the squared circle. He hopes to be duly rewarded with a championship belt.

Not exactly a charitable organization, the Hart Foundation has been doling out its own brand of destruction in the W.W.F. tag team derby. And with Jimmy "The Mouth of the South" Hart serving as their mouthpiece, Brett Hart and Jim "The Anvil" Neidhart will soon be known the world over, for better or worse.

THE HART FOUNDATION

wine, Hart began to talk. "I've been wrestling for six years and I mainly prefer the East and West coasts. I was invited to tour Japan and I spent seven days there. I was impressed with the strength and size of the Japanese wrestlers but I didn't like living there.

"Surprisingly, the Orientals really roll out the red carpet for the American wrestlers. But I don't think I wish to go back; there are too many American wrestlers that I want to defeat first."

Like who?

"Well, I am not going to say Hulk Hogan, because everyone wants his belt and I don't think I'm quite ready for that yet. But maybe in a year or two. But wrestlers like Ricky Steamboat, Tito Santana, George Welles, Tony Atlas, Corporal Kirchner; I am better than all of them. I have defeated some of them before, and I want to beat them again. That's how you get to the top of the ratings, by winning every match."

Neidhart suddenly interrupted. "Listen, let's get a few things straight around here," he said, taking a large bite of his steak. "Whatever Hart does, he does with me. I'm in this with him 100 percent. We've been together as a team for a long time now, and we've gained a reputation. And I don't care what kind of reputation you or any promoter, referee, writer, or announcer think we have.

"The fact is, we're one of the highest-rated tag teams in the country. Barry Windham and his cute little boyfriend, Mike Rotundo, are afraid to get back into the ring with us. We've been chasing them for a long time. The same goes for Steamboat and King Tonga. Those two pigs couldn't fight their way out of a paper bag. We've defeated them before and we'll beat them again.

"Back to my point. Hart and I wrestle as one, and we think like one. We're together, we're partners, you know? And we're successful. Success breeds success.

Jimmy "The Mouth of the South" Hart and his infamous bullhorn. "Listen, I have managed several wrestlers in my time and Brett Hart and Jim Neidhart are the best team around," Hart brags.

I don't want Hart wrestling in any singles matches unless promoters absolutely insist. And I'm refusing single matches as well. We're a team and that's how we plan on remaining.

"Even at the gym, we train together, as you saw. No one can keep us apart, we're like blood brothers. And there's no question, we're getting better and better as we go along."

When a comment was made about their roughhouse tactics, how they constantly break the rules, Hart threw us a wounded look.

"What do you mean, we break rules?" he asked in a soft voice. "We don't break rules. We don't have to. It hurts my feelings when I'm accused of being a cheat. I'm a nice guy."

But immediately Neidhart interrupted. "Let's not fool anyone, Hart," he said. "We deserve respect. There are few tag teams that get away with all that we get away with. Few teams have defeated us. We should be proud of the fact that we fight fire with fire and that we're afraid of no one. We're having trouble getting opponents willing to take us on and I can't blame them.

"I'm not admitting that we cheat," Neidhart added, "but we're tough and mean. You have to be in this business. If you give anyone an opportunity, you'll be sorry. If you can't both take the punishment and be able to dish it out, then you shouldn't be in wrestling. It's that simple.

"The minute the bell rings, we're ready for action. And if you've watched us enough in the ring then you know how fast and rugged we are. We're fast from the start until the finish."

According to Neidhart, the two train for two hours at the gym, four days each week, and they wrestle an average of three to four nights each week. They get plenty of rest and exercise. They believe in vitamins, and, obviously, they eat plenty.

"At least three meals each day," Hart said. "We pig out as often as we can. I usually eat about four or five eggs, some bacon and potatoes, and two or three pieces of toast in the morning. Then at lunch I'm ready for a few sandwiches, then for dinner I eat a big steak, a large salad, and a piece of pie. This builds muscle, strength, and stamina. And that's what Brett Hart and Jim Neidhart are made of."

Neidhart was born in Reno, Nev. and he first became interested in wrestling at the age of 19. After graduation from high school, where he was successful in wrestling, football, and weight-training, he arrived at a point in his life where he didn't know which way to turn.

According to Neidhart, he had

three choices—one was to continue on with school, attending a local university; another was to play pro football; and the final alternative concerned joining the union and driving a truck across the country.

"The idea of being a pro football player intrigued me and I certainly had the size and strength," he recalls. "But there was something missing. I couldn't quite place it. Without any major reason, I turned down a football contract.

"I took a job as a trucker and headed across country for a few years. And that's where I pretty much discovered wrestling. I was in the Carolinas, where wrestling was quite popular, and I approached a local promoter. I told him that I wanted to be a wrestler and he looked down at me. He told me I'd never make it unless I could kick butt. I laughed at him and two months later I had my first professional match."

But at the time, Neidhart, who now weighs 279 pounds, weighed only 240. Not that 240 was too small, but as he now looks back on it he realizes that the extra weight gives him quite an advantage.

"When I throw my opponents around the ring, I use my weight to give me leverage and extra strength," he informed us. "I'd like to put on another 10 pounds or so. I know how to evenly distribute my weight so that I can get the best of my opponents. And I've defeated quite a few wrestlers bigger than me."

How did the two run into each other?

"I was in Florida," Hart said, "soaking up the sun on a two-week vacation. I had been wrestling for a few years, usually on my own in singles matches, when I saw him at a match. I was impressed. I knew the minute I saw him that he thought a lot like I did. He was fast and rough and he enjoyed hurting other wrestlers. That's what wrestling is all about, so I introduced myself after the match.

"He told me that he was in the market for a tag team partner, but he didn't commit at that point, so

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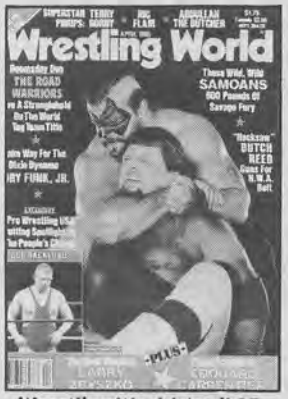
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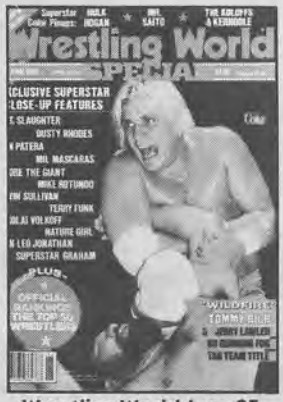
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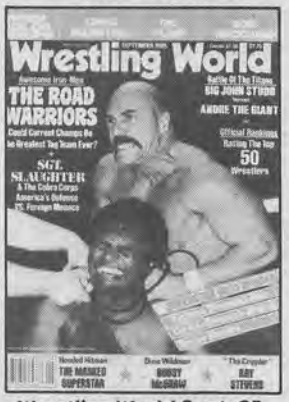
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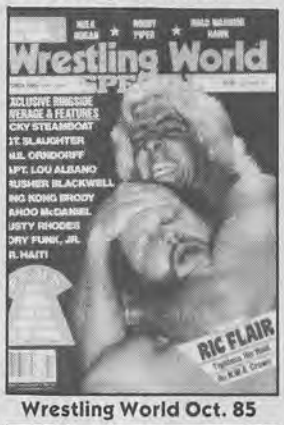
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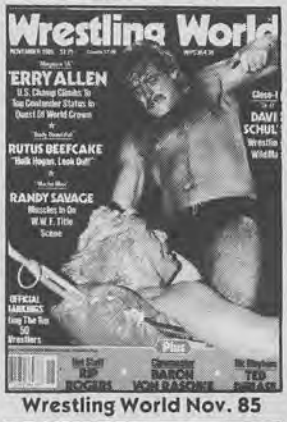
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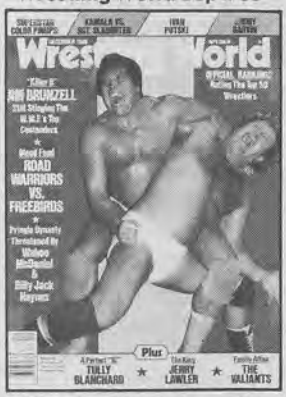
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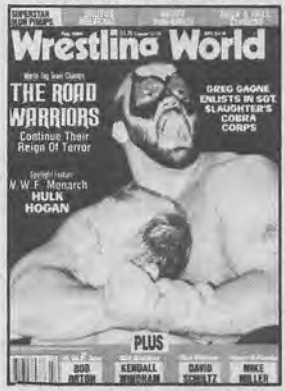
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THE HART FOUNDATION

I returned to Chicago, where I had been wrestling. The local promoter a few months later contacted me and told me that Neidhart was looking for me—he wanted to know if I wanted to form a tag team with him. Right away I agreed."

Cool and confident, Jim "The Anvil" Neidhart has held the gold before and intends to strap on a W.W.F. tag belt soon. "Nobody scares us, nobody at all," he gloats.

Hart is the younger of the two and the more soft spoken. A good-looking athlete, Hart has been offered jobs as a male model in two national fashion magazines but he declined.

"Wrestling is my first love and I'm not about to jeopardize that. I know that I'm handsome and that the women go wild over me and that I'd be a fantastic model. But I just didn't have time for it. The company offered me quite a bit of money to model for a week, you know, stuff like T-shirts, tank-tops, workout shorts, summer swimwear, and they offered to fly me to Jamaica for a shooting on the ocean. I wanted to but I just didn't have time."

So wrestling is Hart's first love. And he much prefers wrestling in a tag team, as opposed to singles action. "If I have a partner to back me up, then I love tag team wrestling because there's usually twice the action," Hart explained.

"We've admitted to how sadistic we are and during tag wrestling it gives us a chance to double-team our opponents. Neidhart holds him down, then I choke and stomp him. We love it. The funny thing is, our opponents never get a chance to return the favor. We're too tough for them."

Frequently, Jimmy Hart, also known as "the Mouth of the South," accompanies them to ringside for their bouts. Acting as manager, Hart insists that the Hart Foundation is the greatest tag team in wrestling today.

During a recent interview, Hart bragged, "Listen, I have managed several wrestlers in my time, and Brett Hart and Jim Neidhart are the best team around. They're not afraid of anyone or anything. I'm proud of them and we have our eyes out for anyone who thinks they can defeat us."

Recently manager Hart was accused of interfering in a match, when the Hart Foundation was wrestling Barry Windham and Mike Rotundo. Hart was accused of hitting Windham with his steel bullhorn, which resulted in Hart's immediate disqualification.

But Windham and Rotundo are demanding a rematch.

"They were disqualified as a cop-out, they were afraid of us and that was the fastest way out for them," Windham said. "They talk big but that doesn't impress me at all. They're tough wrestlers, I admit, and they're successful, but the only reason they win their matches is because they cheat so much. Hart was going to hit me over the head with a steel chair until the referee stopped him.

"Do you call that wrestling? They're animals and they've never defeated us in the ring. I don't care what they say. Rotundo and I want them in the ring, under any rules and any conditions. I can still see Hart trying to knock me unconscious with the chair. That isn't being an athlete, that's being an animal. And he'll pay for what he did."

At this writing, other wrestlers are also talking about the animalistic ways of the Hart Foundation. A six-man tag team match is scheduled for next month, and George "The Animal" Steele will be joining them.

Steele has been changing his ways lately and surprisingly fans have been on his side. But undoubtedly when he joins the likes of Hart and Neidhart, the fans will turn on him again.

"Nobody scares us, nobody at all. We win all of our matches and we have our own unique style," Neidhart shouted. "We know what we're after. We want to defeat as many opponents as possible and we want to win the championship.

"We're not concerned with who does and doesn't like us, or who approves or disapproves. The fact is, we want big money, fame, fortune, and success. And we want to remain undefeated. And no matter what has to be done to achieve those goals, we're going to do it.

"We want to be the greatest tag team in wrestling's history."

'Nuff said. ★

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By Henry Schlesinger

He's the man who got Gorgeous George started and encouraged "Rowdy" Roddy Piper to open his mouth. Don Owen has promoted wrestling matches in the Pacific Northwest for over 60 years and is responsible for giving some of the biggest names in the business their start. Here is a look back—and ahead—at this hotbed of wrestling activity.

ALTHOUGH HE has never stepped between the ropes to face an angry opponent, Don Owen is a wrestling legend. Sixty years in the business have given this Oregon-based promoter ample time to carve out a giant piece of wrestling history for himself.

The list of wrestlers who have appeared on Owen's cards, many in their first professional bouts, reads like a *Who's Who* of the sport. Sgt. Slaughter, "Rowdy" Roddy Piper, Rick Martel, Jimmy "Superfly" Snuka, Billy Jack Haynes, and Magnum TA are only a few of today's superstars who have competed, if not gotten their start, in Owen's matches.

Today, Owen, 73, is the very picture of the crusty no-nonsense promoter. His thinly graveled voice with its soft-Western twang unique to the Pacific Northwest never falters when relating the story of how he started out.

Don Owen has worked since the age of eight. His first jobs were inglorious enough, selling newspapers and cleaning out spitoons in his father's billiard parlor. At the age of 10, young Owen worked the boxing matches his father promoted. Owen remembers that at the end of each round he would jump between the ropes with a stool in one hand and a towel in the other. While the gasping pugilist reclined on the stool, Owen would use the towel to fan the fighter until the bell sounded for the next round.

When his father began promoting professional wrestling, Owen naturally worked those matches as well. His jobs included ushering fans to their seats, taking tickets, and setting up and striking the ring.

"I remember the first wrestling match my father promoted," Owen recalls. "That first match drew only 12 people and a local sportswriter." But Owen's father continued to promote wrestling and soon the audiences grew and the fans showed up in larger and larger numbers to cheer their favorites.

"When Gorgeous George came to Eugene, Ore. he was 19 years

DON OWEN PROMOTIONS:

Pride of the Pacific Northwest

old, just a kid. That was in the '30s, during the depression, and my father bought him his first suit of wrestling clothes." It was an investment that paid off, as the newcomer's aggressive style won fans and made him a popular draw.

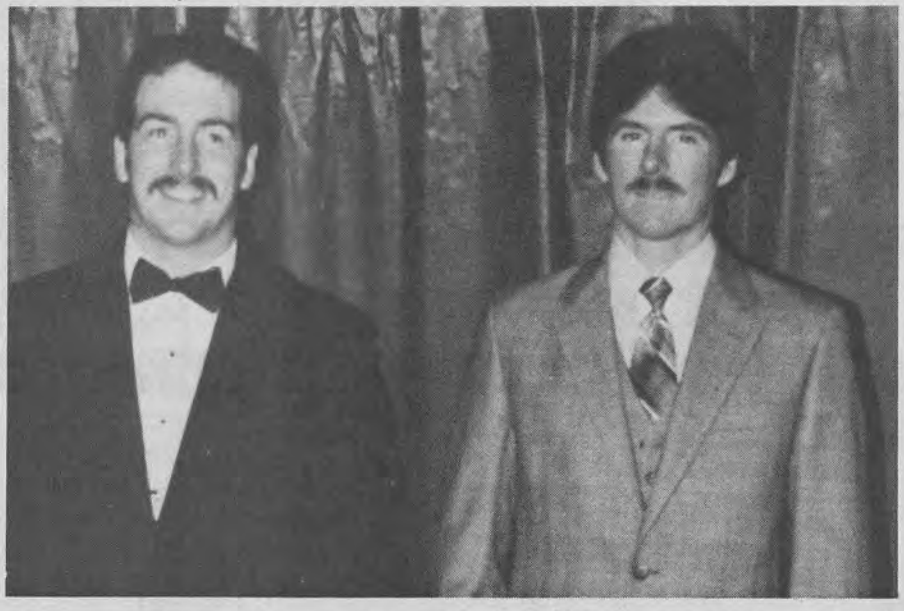
George got married while in Oregon. The ceremony was held in Eugene, in the ring before a sell-out crowd. And according to Owen, that's when George's trouble and fame began. George's new wife sewed, and she began making fancy capes for her husband to wear into the ring. This caused local sportswriter Dick Strike to give him the moniker "Gorgeous George," and started trouble with the fans. George, not wanting to wrinkle his fancy duds, began taking them off slowly and folding them neatly before handing them out of the ring. Needless to say, this fastidious behavior didn't sit well at all with the rough and ready Oregon fans. The raucous crowds began to hoot and holler at the delay. And George began to take the capes off extra slow just to taunt them.

Gorgeous George went on to become one of the biggest drawing cards in the area, and eventually got too big for Oregon. George headed south for California and Hollywood, to become, as mat fans well know, one of the biggest names in wrestling history.

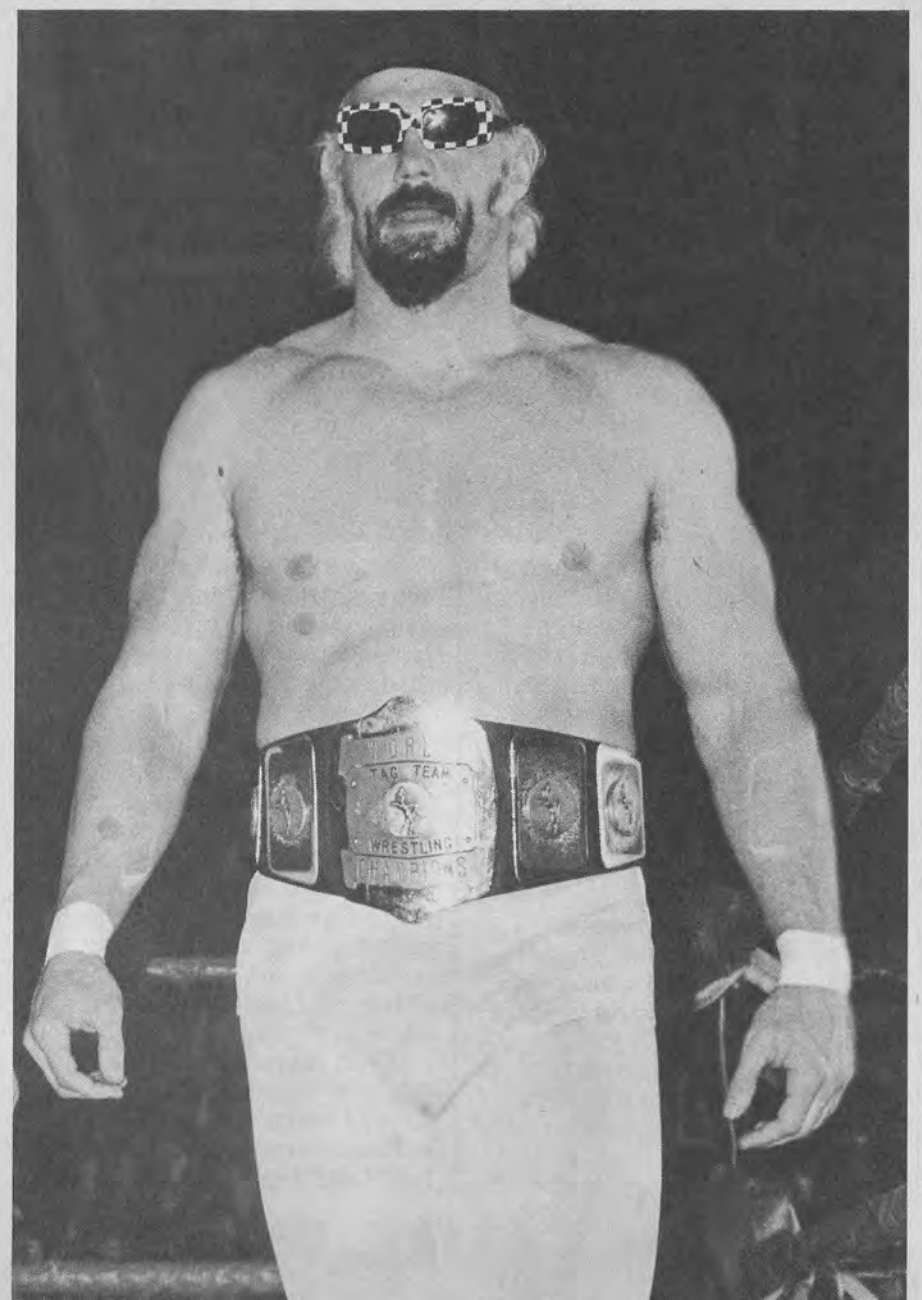
A more recent grappler who left Oregon for the big time is "Rowdy" Roddy Piper. Before being lured to New York by Vince McMahon, Jr.'s big-money deal, Piper fought in Owen-promoted matches.

"Piper, oh yes, he was a great talker. Probably the best talker in the business," Owen says. "I'll say this, he was different, all right. There he was, this Scotsman, kilt and all. He'd enter the arena playing the bagpipes and the fans, they just hated him. But, by the time he left, well, he was one of the most popular wrestlers we've ever had."

When asked about recent A.W.A. kingpin Rick Martel, Owen doesn't hesitate for a second before answering. "He is a nice guy. A real high-class type fella.



Owen's sons Barry (left) and Marc. Barry, 24, is already promoting matches. Jesse "The Body" Ventura (below) got his start in the Pacific Northwest before blasting off to superstardom.



Real clean cut and a good wrestler too."

And the list goes on and on, Billy Jack Haynes and Jesse "The Body" Ventura both started their careers with Owen.

"I like to get the young guys, when they're just starting out. They're never as good as they're going to be. But, I like to get them when they are full of pee and vinegar."

And, indeed, if one person could be credited with giving more young hopefuls their break, it's Owen. "I give them a chance to work," he says. "I work them every night. When you just wrestle one or two nights a month, well, you can't remember your mistakes.

"It's hard to develop in this game, you know. A guy starting out, well, nobody knows him and nobody uses him. I've used a lot of guys, they stay two or three years until they get good, then they move on. That's what it's like in this sport. And when I get someone like Piper who turns into a big star, well, nothing pleases me more. I wish them nothing but luck when they hit the big time."

Owen's matches are mostly small affairs. He puts on matches throughout the Pacific Northwest, often in little towns where there aren't more than two or three thousand residents.

"Fans are tough here. They won't stand still for a lot of gimmicks. They don't want to see two big three- and four-hundred pound guys bumping around the ring. They want action," Owen declares. And if Owen gives the fans anything he gives them action. The current wrestlers on his cards are young, lean fighters, like Mean Mike Miller, Jumping Joe Savoldi, Steve Simpson, and newcomer Stacy Champion. "I sell wrestling," asserts the promoter. "Not rock and roll or movie stars. Just wrestling—the way it's supposed to be."

Last May, Owen held a wrestling spectacular to commemorate the 60th anniversary of his business. And although when "they get good, they move on," they evidently don't forget where they came from. Because, included on this 60th anniversary extravaganza were some of the biggest names in the sport today. Martel, Piper, Ric Flair, Haynes, and the Road Warriors were just some of the wrestlers who flocked to compete before a sell-out crowd of 13,000 in the Portland Coliseum. It was the biggest wrestling match in Northwest history, and when "Rowdy" Roddy entered the arena, America's favorite bad guy received a standing ovation.

Today, Owen sees a dangerous trend in the sport—television. "Television is slowly strangling the sport," he says. "Although there's nothing like a live match, many fans are getting their fill of wrestling on TV, specifically cable." Recent history seems to bear out Owen's opinion. Less than 10 years ago there were nearly 50 small- to medium-sized promoters operating around the country. Today, there are less than a dozen.

"There used to be areas where a wrestler could go and wrestle, develop, and have a good career of 15 to 20 years. Now, well, if the wrestler doesn't make it within a few years, two or three, if he's not a superstar, his career is over."

How else has wrestling changed?

Besides the admission fee going up from the pre-World War II price of 40 cents, the wrestlers are getting paid more. Last year Sgt. Slaughter walked away from a Battle Royal in the New Jersey Meadowlands Arena with a $100,000 bounty. Owen remembers that at the peak of his Oregon career Gorgeous George was making $15 a match.

According to Owen, the style of wrestling has also changed. "Back before the war, if you rabbit-punched someone, you pretty near started a riot. Today, there's more rough stuff. There's a lot more rough stuff. People come for action. The fans demand action, and the wrestlers have to deliver."

Former A.W.A. champion Rick Martel, another mat great given his start by Owen. "He is a nice guy. A real high-class fella," says Owen. "Real clean cut and a good wrestler too."

But, Don Owen's outlook on wrestling can't be too grim. He's been grooming his son to take over the business. "Barry started out, same as me," says Don. Although, Barry, 24, can consider himself lucky that the family no longer owns a billiard parlor and that spitoons are no longer in fashion; he still began working in his teens, taking tickets, ushering, and setting up and taking down the ring.

"Well now, Barry's coming along pretty good. I have him promoting some of the matches, and he's getting larger and larger crowds. He began just like me," a proud Owen says of his third-generation wrestling offspring. And WRESTLING WORLD salutes Don Owen for a job well done and looks forward to more of the same exciting mat action to come. ★

Magnum TA, shown here tussling with N.W.A. champ Ric Flair, got valuable experience in Owen promotions. "I like to get the young guys," Owen grins. "I like to get them when they're full of pee and vinegar."

VIRTUALLY EVERY ATHLETE, amateur or professional, needs to work out and train regularly. No matter what the sport—bodybuilding, karate, football, boxing, wrestling—a participant must keep in peak physical condition at all times.

Some sports require more disciplined conditioning. In football, for example, you cannot succeed if you're not big, strong, and fast—but by no means does the average pro footballer *need* to be super muscular. Quite the contrary. Many of today's most successful ballplayers sport a combination of heavy muscle and heavy body fat.

In pro wrestling, a wrestler today should generally weigh at least 235 pounds. The average wrestler weighs 248. In recent issues, *Muscle Up* has examined some of the sport's more promising and successful wrestlers, including Steve Strong, Ken Patera, and Rocky Johnson. *We're* going to look at popular George Welles, a native of Oakland, Calif., who has been wrestling professionally for eight years, and who played in the Canadian Football League for six seasons.

George Welles wrestles in the off season and plays football during the grid months. And there's no question that this powerful 239-pounder is successful at both.

He attended Tech High School in Oakland, where he excelled in football, wrestling, and weight-training. Sports to him were a way of life, and he was extremely athletic in every way.

During his first year of high school, at the tender age of 13, he went out for the football team and was one of the biggest, strongest kids on the team. Coaches were of course constantly hounding him to go out for their sport. But he had no interest in track or swimming; he wanted the tougher sports with heavy physical contact. Injuries were never a concern to him, and fortunately he never received a serious one.

His reputation as an outstanding athlete developed, and eventually local newspapers began paying serious attention.

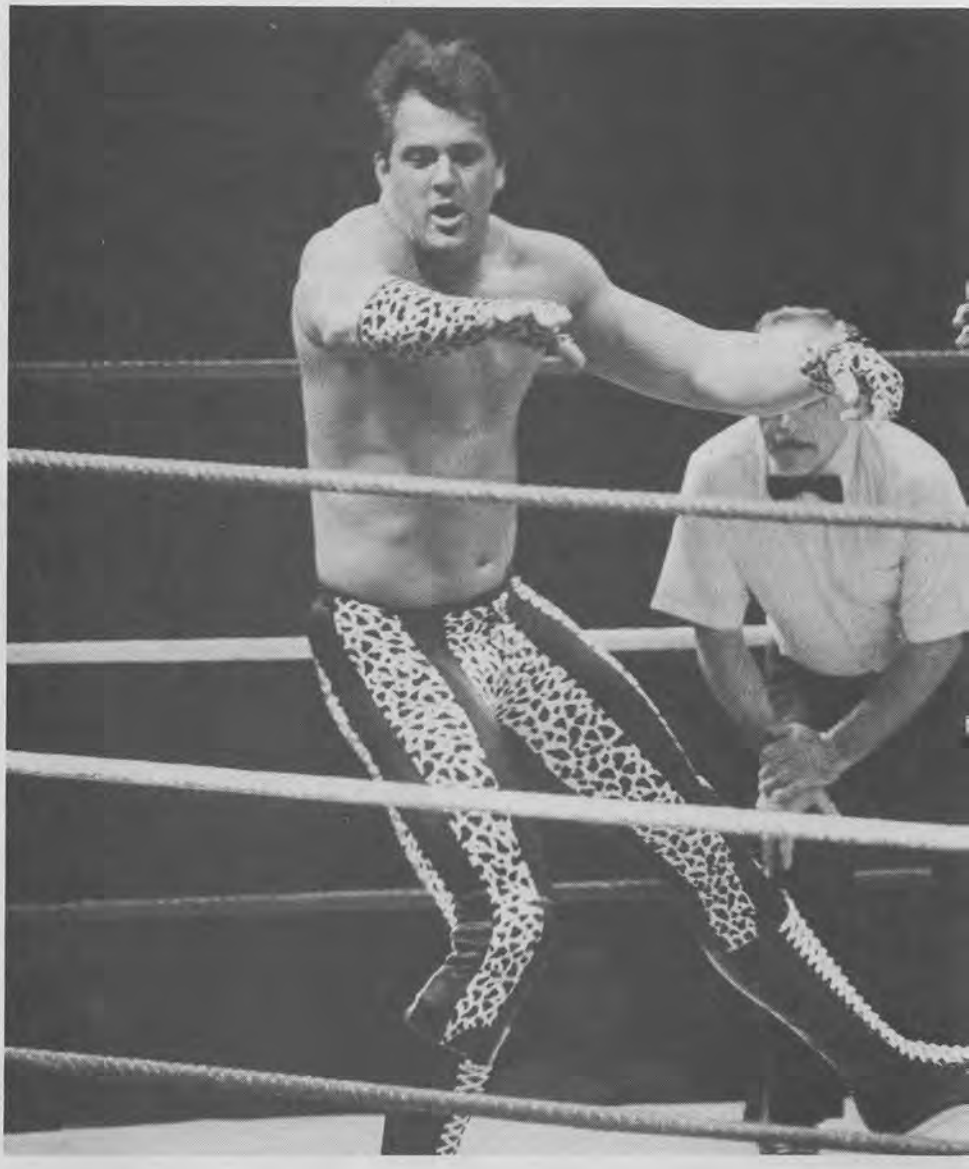
At graduation time, he had some decisions to make as far as career and future were concerned. Frankly, he didn't know which way to turn.

"I didn't know if I wanted to go on to school, or become a pro athlete, and if I decided to turn pro, I didn't know which sport it would be," he said before a recent match at the Oakland Coliseum Arena. "I was confused. Sure, I was doing well, but I had a decision to make.

"I probably should have gone on to school, which is what my parents and most friends wanted, but I loved sports and I was impatient. I liked football, but I had mixed feelings. I was always a wrestling fan, and I used to attend matches in the Cow Palace and Oakland Auditorium, back when Roy Shire and Leo

Football star, bodybuilder supreme, Western good guy—and top-drawer mat craftsman. That's Mr. Welles, the Oakland native whose globetrotting ways have brought him football fame in Canada and wrestling superstardom around the world.

By Allan Bolte



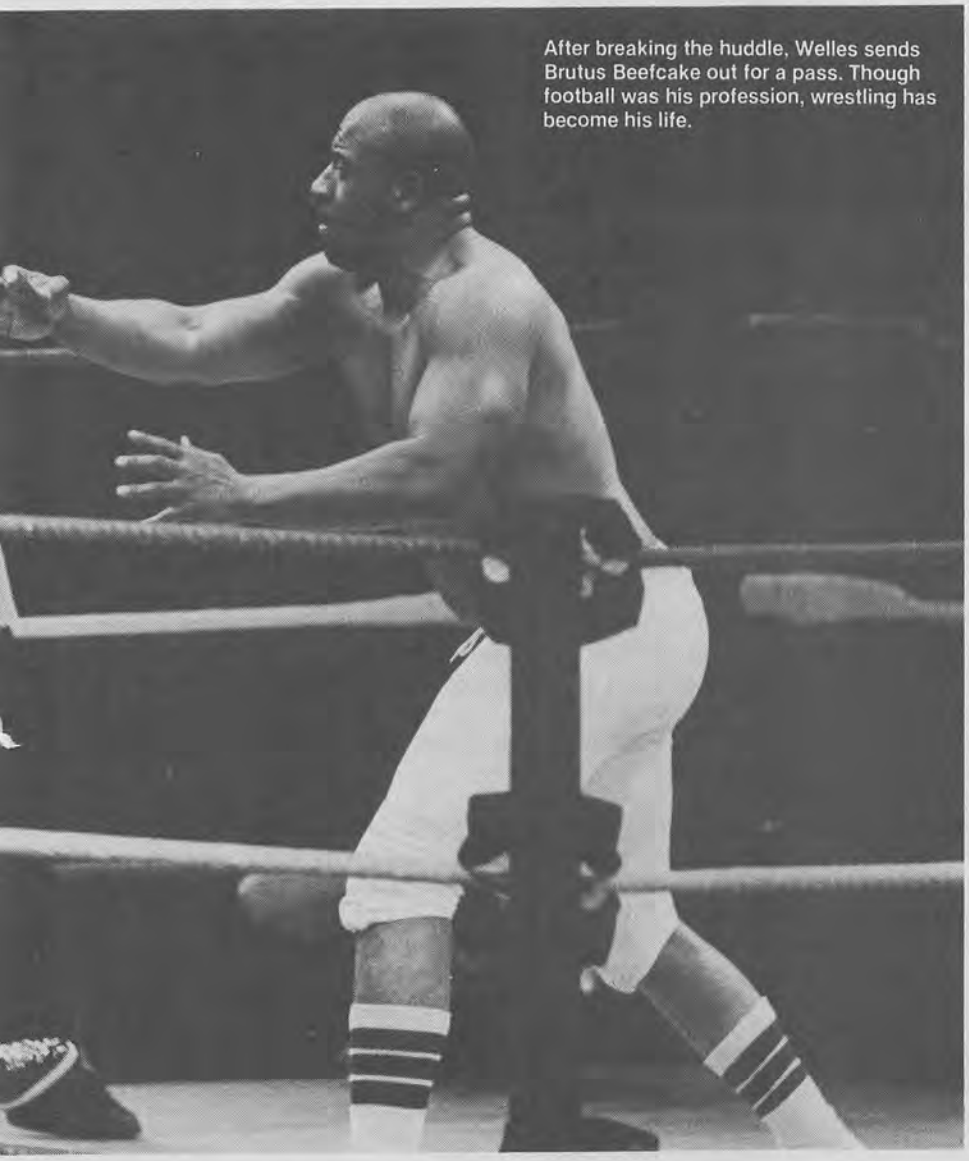
Nomellini were promoting.

"I liked the idea of the one-on-one competition with wrestling," he explained. "That was the one drawback of football. You had several teammates to share a win with, or on the other hand to blame a loss on.

"I liked the individual recognition that wrestling brought. I'm not saying that I have a big ego problem, but like most people I enjoy being recognized, and I want to be good at whatever I do."

In high school (when his favorite wrestlers were Ray Stevens, Pat Patterson, Freddie Blassie, and Chief Jay Strongbow), one of Welles' classmates was the 1976 "Mr. America," Mike Dayton, and the two became good friends. "Dayton was one of the most popular kids in the school, and he was into martial arts and bodybuilding in high school," Welles recalls. "He was the true pioneer of fitness and strength. We became buddies, and we used to work out together. At the time, Dayton was getting into martial arts and he was learning plenty. I had a good idea that he would go on to become successful in bodybuilding."

ALL'S WELL WITH GEORGE WELLES



After breaking the huddle, Welles sends Brutus Beefcake out for a pass. Though football was his profession, wrestling has become his life.

Dayton was "Mr. America" on two occasions, until, with trainer Don Buck, he developed the idea of the mental attitude of accepting pain, a form of self-defense and martial arts called "Chi." Currently, Dayton promotes bodybuilding shows in northern California, and has appeared on several television shows.

He had this to say about Welles: "He's a great guy, and a great football player, believe me. I've seen him wrestle three times, twice at the arena and once on television. He can dish out punishment as well as receive it.

"He's great in the gym. I'd like to see him get in top shape and enter a bodybuilding contest, but he says the timing is bad. He's too busy with wrestling and football. But I know he'd make a great competitive bodybuilder; he has the genetics and bone structure."

How does Welles feel about bodybuilding?

"I love it," he responded. "I make a regular routine of working out. I train religiously five days per week, and I periodically change my workout schedule. I train more for muscle building and to gain size. Since I don't compete, I'm not concerned with a strict diet or developing 'cuts.'

"But I feel that bodybuilding is something that should be taken all the way. The pro bodybuilders of today make big bucks through winning major competitions, endorsing vitamins, selling T-shirts, etc. The difficult part of it is the step from turning amateur into being a professional. And the competition can be fierce. There are some unbelievable bodybuilders out there, younger and better than ever."

GEORGE WELLES

"I like to be a good sport, but I'll fight fire with fire," notes the former U.S. kingpin as he travels the road back towards the top.

But Welles the wrestler has faced many of the sport's greatest champions, including such superstars as the incredible Hulk Hogan, the current World Heavyweight champion under the World Wrestling Federation; Tony "Mr. U.S.A." Atlas; bodybuilder Ken Patera; Ivan Putski; former champion Steve Strong, and The Giant Kamala, the 430-pounder from Uganda who remains undefeated.

Welles is proud of the fact that pro wrestling is fast becoming one of the very biggest sports in America, and that more and more bodybuilders are taking up the sport.

"You can't be big and fat, and still maintain success anymore," Welles added. "Five years ago the quality of wrestlers was nothing like that of today, and I'm glad. We have a much better image. The wrestlers of today are more athletic, better looking, younger, faster, in much better physical condition. The competition is getting better and better.

"I'm not afraid of competition. It makes me work that much harder. When I know I'm going to wrestle an opponent who is good, I'll train harder than ever and prepare myself. And if I win, I feel more satisfied with the victory."

Welles has always been concerned with his reputation. He's known as a good sport, a great athlete, and one who maintains sportsmanlike conduct in the ring. In other words, he seldom breaks the rules, even when paired against a rule-breaking opponent who is bigger and more rugged. The fans have always been on his side, and that's important to him.

In fact, he was voted the Most Popular Wrestler in California for 1984, according to a poll conducted through the weekly televised matches. To say that award made him feel good would be putting it mildly.

"There were several great wrestlers who were nominated, and I honestly didn't think I was quite that popular. The fans have always been on my side, but since then a fan club was started in San Francisco, which was the start of something big."

Welles recently appeared on "A.M. San Francisco," a daily televised talk show. During his 11-minute appearance, brief clips were shown of a recent match, and he answered several questions about his life in particular and wrestling in general.

Like he says, any publicity is good. He's always willing to sign autographs, pose for pictures, be interviewed for newspapers, magazines, or radio—and he makes it a point to allow time.

Which brings us to another problem—time, or rather, the lack of it. He wrestles an average of four nights per week. The rest of his hours consist of training at the gym, traveling to the next town, or making public appearances.

The only drawback he has discovered, therefore, is that being a popular wrestler means having little time to himself or his family.

But he doesn't really mind. After all, he's earning big bucks, he is seeing the world, and he has fame and fortune.

"Just last year I spent six weeks wrestling in Japan," Welles said, "then I toured the Far East for four weeks. I spent a month in Canada, a month in Australia, and most of the rest of the time in the United States. Sure, I was busy but I was being well paid and I had a chance to see the world."

Welles recalled one of the most important matches in his career. He was being escorted to the ring of the sold-out 15,200-seat Oakland Coliseum, wearing a beautiful burgundy entrance jacket. Tonight, he would certainly have his hands full with big, powerful muscleman Ken Patera.

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GEORGE WELLES

"I liked the idea of one-on-one competition in wrestling," says Welles, here unleashing a roundhouse on Beefcake. "That was the one drawback of football."

The crowd jeered when Patera was introduced, but the jeers turned to cheers when Welles' name was announced. Moments later, the two were locking horns as the bell rang.

Welles tripped Patera and clamped a headlock on him, but Patera managed to escape. He drop-kicked Welles, knocking him off his feet. He tried the same move again but Welles stepped aside and Patera hit the mat.

Welles jumped on him but couldn't pin him for the three-count. Patera grabbed Welles and threw him through the ropes onto the arena floor, then went out after him.

He slammed Welles' head against the corner ring post, then knocked him to the ground, repeatedly stomping him as the fans looked on in horror.

The referee warned Patera that he would be disqualified if he didn't let up on the dirty work, and Patera climbed back into the ring.

Finally, Welles was able to regain strength and wind and when Patera went out after him again, he walked right into a shoulder to his midsection, knocking him down. Welles climbed back into the ring and the crowd went wild as he threw two dropkicks, a flying head scissors, and then his famous flying tackle, the same move he uses on the football field.

He picked up the 250-pound Patera and slammed him to the mat, then delivered another flying tackle. He leaped on his foe and held him for the three-count. To the delight of the fans, it was another George Welles victory.

"I'm glad I beat Patera, because he's highly rated and he's tough," Welles said later. "I don't approve of his attitude, nor am I in favor of his rule-breaking ways. He would have enjoyed putting me in the hospital if he could have.

"I like to be a good sport and follow the rules, but I'll fight fire with fire. If my opponent wants to wrestle cleanly and follow the rules, more power to him. But if he wants to cheat and act like a crazy animal, then so will I. After all, I can kick, hit, bite, use chairs, whatever, just like the next guy."

Welles held the United States Heavyweight championship in late 1983 and early 1984, and successfully defended the crown for more than eight months. He knows the feeling of being a champion, and he wants to repeat it.

He's currently traveling throughout the country in that quest, although he maintains a home in Oakland. He'd like to spend a few months on the East Coast, taking on top wrestlers there.

Welles attends as many bodybuilding shows as possible, and during the recent 1985 A.A.U. "Mr. California" Bodybuilding Championships, promoted by Mike Dayton and held in Alameda, Dayton had invited Welles to appear as a guest.

As the master of ceremonies that night, this reporter had the pleasure to introduce Welles to the crowd. After the show, we spoke to him again.

"I always enjoy attending as many shows as I can. I'm especially impressed with the women bodybuilders. The mixed pairs competition is interesting to watch. Real creative.

"I really respect everyone on the stage because it takes lots of time, dedication, money, knowledge, and *guts* to get up there on the stage, nearly nude, and pose in front of a large crowd."

Welles' favorite bodybuilders are Dayton, Tom Platz, Rachel MacLish, and Bobby Paris. "I always was impressed with Platz, he has tremendous legs, and he's very presentable. Rachel is beautiful. She's a great bodybuilder and she has achieved such success. She's a good role model for other women bodybuilders.

"And I saw Paris at a recent competition, he looked fantastic, very symmetrical. I think he'll go far; he's into it 100%.

George Welles is into everything he does *200%*. He is indeed a fine athlete, with personality plus. He has been successful at everything he has tried, and though his climb back to the number one position looks promising, he's not rushing it.

"I take my time, I try to enjoy what I'm doing the best I can. Life is too short to rush through it.

"If anything, my mind now is on taking a vacation. I'd enjoy some swimming, sailing, diving, anything. I love the outdoors. Just to be able to sleep in once in a while. . . ." ★

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Hank was perpetually broke. One night he got together with some friends, and they decided to cast the MONEY SPELL. The very next day, Hank received in the mail a check for some $250 worth of insurance. (He had never heard of the company that sent the check, he was not insured with them, and had never even made a claim—but he accepted the money.) Another member of the group that used the spell, a 40-year-old secretary, received an automobile as a gift! All the other members of the group received amazing windfalls of money, as well! You'll see how Dexter, a retiree, lives RENT FREE *and* receives $200 a week at the age of 78, with a secret you'll find in this Witch Book! You'll see how Claudine, a secretary, was able to wear the finest, most expensive furs—FREE—and spend weekends at an expensive ski lodge in the mountains, where she met a wonderful man! How Ruth L., a widow—with nothing but a small pension, and a little savings—received her dream house, by using a simple 5-minute ritual on page 38 of this book!

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MEET THE AUTHORS

GAVIN FROST, B.Sc., Ph.D., D.D., is Archbishop of the Church of Wicca, New Bern, North Carolina with national headquarters in Salem, Missouri, branches in several states and worldwide membership. He is Marshal of the Gold Star of England, with the right to wear the Saffron Robe and one of the very few Witches in the Western Hemisphere privileged to wear the authentic mark of initiation on his wrist. Although descended from a long line of mystics and scholars, and formerly a Vice-President and Director of International Operations for major aerospace companies, he prefers to be thought of as a humble teacher.

Mrs. YVONNE FROST, A.A., D.D., with her husband Gavin Frost, devotes her time to giving private instruction and publishing *Survival*, the newsletter of the Church of Wicca, of which she is a Bishop.

Articles by or about Gavin and Yvonne Frost have appeared in such national publications as *Midnight* and the *National Enquirer*.

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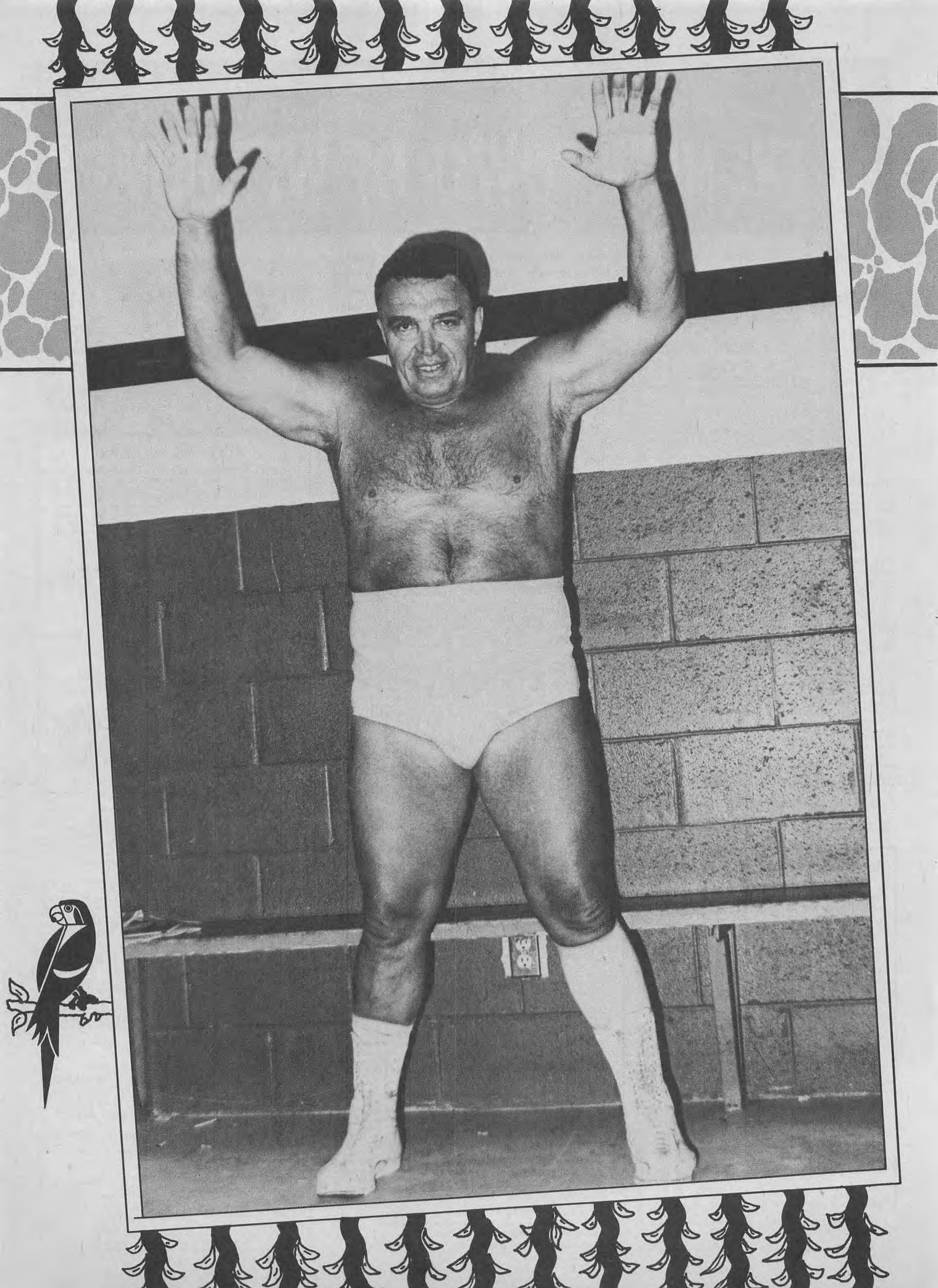


TARZAN TYLER REMEMBERED

By John Woods

Photos by Linda Boucher

On December 23, 1985, the wrestling world lost yet another legend. Now Tarzan Tyler (Camille Troville) belongs to the ages and we look back fondly on the career of the man the fans loved to hate.

CAMILLE TROVILLE, better known to the wrestling world as Tarzan Tyler, died at the age of 58 on Dec. 23rd, 1985. The legendary grappler was killed instantly in an automobile accident, along with fellow wrestler Pierre (Mad Dog) Lefebvre and referee Adrien Desbois as all three returned to Montreal after a match in Chicoutimi, Que.

The colorful Tyler was manager of Mad Dog Lefebvre, but little did the diehard wrestling fans of Chicoutimi know that this was to be the last time they would have the chance to vent their rage at the man they loved to hate.

Just a few months earlier, more than 20,000 wrestling fans waited restlessly for the main event at the famed Montreal Forum. The ring lights went on and fans began to cheer with delight as Raymond and Jacques Rougeau, Jr. made their way into the ring. Suddenly the cheers changed to jeers as the opposing team of Lefebvre and Frenchy Martin made its way to the ring. The heckling of the crowd grew even louder when Tyler stepped through the ropes.

Tyler's opponents had felt his wrath for more than 25 years. He wrestled with a "Kill first, ask questions later" attitude and carried that over when he took on the role of wrestling manager. With the possible exception of Eddie (The Brain) Creatchman, it was hard to find a man more despised by the multitude of wrestling fans than Tarzan Tyler!

This particular match in Montreal saw the Rougeaus emerge victorious over Lefebvre and Martin. This was a real surprise as Montreal wrestling fans were not always treated to witnessing their heroes beat the so-called "bad guys," especially Tyler.

There is a multitude of young talent in the mat game and no doubt Tarzan Tyler wanted to mold these young impressionable athletes into the champions of tomorrow. But as far as the fans were concerned, Tarzan was only interested in the men who would adhere to his own mean methods.

It is interesting to note that Tarzan had a long-standing feud with the late, great, Johnny Rougeau (the uncle of Raymond and Jacques, Jr.). Back in the so-called "Glory Days" of professional wrestling, men like Johnny Valentine, Hans Schmidt, and Bobby Managoff all had their turns as the local heroes of the day. In Montreal, the heroes were Yvon Robert, Sr., Edouard Carpentier, and Johnny Rougeau. And you can bet your bottom dollar that Tarzan Tyler was in the limelight as one of the all-time Montreal bad guys, a villainous beast if there ever was one!

In one particular Montreal battle between Tyler and Johnny Rougeau, fans almost lynched the referee because they felt he allowed Tarzan to get away with murder. Tyler was the type of wrestler who kept after his adversary every minute of every match. The referee only had two eyes and they were no match for the foul tactics of Tyler. Tyler cheated in the ring as easily as other men breathed. He kicked and bit and choked Rougeau over and over again. He wanted to wear Rougeau down quickly, for he knew that Rougeau's deadly sleeper hold would mean the beginning of the end. Rougeau finally did defeat Tyler with the sleeper, but not until being pushed to the limit by the 250-pound wild man.

When it comes to the Province of Quebec, the man known as Tarzan Tyler is a household word. He is a legend in Montreal, Ottawa, Chicoutimi, Cornwall, Quebec City, Three Rivers, Hull,

TARZAN

The many faces of Tarzan Tyler, the man some called a beast but who boasted the double threat of brains and brutality. His motto: "Kill first. . . ask questions later."

Drummondville, Gatineau, Sherbrooke, etc., etc. He also lived in the state of Florida and gained quite a reputation there.

In the early 1970s he teamed with Gilles (The Fish) Poisson to win the Grand Prix Tag Team title. They won the title in Montreal, but much to the joy of the fans, the team of Tyler and Poisson eventually dropped the title to Gino Brito and Dino Bravo (The Italian Connection).

Another bloodbath ensued when Tyler and Yvon Robert, Jr. went at it. They had their own personal vendetta which lasted through many matches. But Tyler's wrath was felt across the continent as well. Vermont promoter Ira Blow almost had a riot on his hands when outraged fans could not withhold their anger during a bout between Tyler and Johnny War Eagle. In Tampa, Fla., big Bob Orton, Sr. learned to hate the man known as Tarzan, as another donnybrook erupted between these two battling brutes.

And when it came to winning titles, Tarzan was a real collector. In June of 1971, Tyler and "Crazy" Luke Graham won the W.W.F. Tag Team title in an elmination tournament. Their manager was none other than Capt. Lou Albano!

On Nov. 12, 1971 Tyler and Graham defeated the Mongols in Pittsburgh, Pa. Other teams fell before the hated duo but finally on Dec. 6, 1971 Tyler and Graham went down to defeat at the hands of Karl Gotch and Rene Goulet in New York's Madison Square Garden.

Tyler then moved on to Atlanta but made several trips back to Montreal. While in the W.W.F., Tyler didn't waste any time renewing a feud with the popular Chief Jay Strongbow, who remarked, "Whenever I see a photo of Tarzan Tyler in the ring in pain, it automatically becomes one of my favorites."

TYLER REMEMBERED

Tyler after a heated donnybrook with Mad Dog Vachon, holding the boot that cost him the match. Did it conceal a foreign object? "Never!" Tyler vowed.

Once in a wild, 60-minute, two-out-of-three fall match with Andre the Giant, Andre became so enraged with Tyler's tactics that he piledrove him into the canvas within the first fall. It is rare for the Giant to use such a move. Tarzan was hospitalized and in a wheelchair for months.

"Tarzan Tyler always seems to bring out the worst in people. He simply has that effect on people," Andre admitted. John Paul Henning, who had many wild and woolly encounters with Tyler, would have no doubt agreed with Andre.

No true wrestling fan can ever forget the sensational battles Tarzan had with David (Silento) Rodrigues in the early 1960s. Rodrigues claimed that one of his toughest bouts was with Tyler in Beaumont, Tex. That action-packed bout ended in a draw. (It is interesting to note that Rodrigues was married to his bride, Peggy, in the ring in Amarillo, Tex. on July 7, 1960. Wrestler Joe Hamilton was the best man.)

No doubt the match that Tyler would love to forget took place in Tampa, Fla., back in the mid-'60s. For wrestling aficionados it was the perfect match, pitting the vicious Tyler against a man who possessed real class in that ring, New Zealand wrestler Abe Jacobs. And the reason Tarzan would like to forget it is simple: Jacobs gave Tyler more trouble than he had had in a long time.

Tarzan boasted to Tampa fans that Jacobs was a patsy. "I'll murder the bum in seconds," Tyler bragged. But as Tyler climbed into the ring, Jacobs surprised him with a perfectly executed dropkick that staggered Tyler. As Tarzan began to get back on his feet, Jacobs repeated the maneuver once again.

Moving in with lightning speed, Jacobs delivered a series of knee drops to the fallen grappler, then a rolling leg-lock secured the match for Jacobs. All this was accomplished in less than one minute!

Tyler later had to admit (even if to himself) that he had misjudged Jacobs. That, however, did not stop Tampa fans from hurling their anger (in the form of insults and flying objects) in Tyler's direction. Tyler soon left Tampa for a cooler climate, in more ways than one.

As Tarzan traveled the world over he continued to be as ruthless as ever. Still, wrestling fans could never quite understand why he used the name Tarzan. Maybe because Tyler's wrestling style made people think he lived with apes in the jungle!

As the years went on, Tyler was often accused of hiding a foreign object in his boot during his matches. Although he denied ever doing such a thing, the controversy over the boot went on for many years. Fans even nicknamed him Tarzan (The Boot) Tyler. It is also interesting to note that Tyler helped lead King Tonga to the top of the wrestling world, although Tonga eventually left Tyler. Tyler has also managed Sailor White, among others.

It is true that in the Tarzan novels (originally Lord Greystoke) Tarzan had a mission: To rid the jungle of evil undesirables. In the movies, Johnny Weismuller proved that Tarzan was lord of the jungle. In the ring, Tarzan Tyler was a lord of sorts, a lord of violence and brutality, a warlord, for he certainly created havoc whenever he wrestled.

In the ring his mission was simple: "Kill first, ask questions later." But outside the ring, the madman became Camille Troville. He was a man who gave abundantly to many charities and it would not be strange for this man to get a small boy into the wrestling matches if the child could not afford it. And yes, then the small boy, like everyone else, would boo and hiss at Mr. Troville as he stepped into the ring and became Tarzan Tyler.

Tarzan Tyler gave the wrestling world many years of excitement and action and he will be greatly missed. This is a fond farewell to a wrestling legend and the wrestler the fans loved to hate! ★

EASTERN

WELCOME to another Eastern Report. Since our last issue the East Coast has been the scene of many wild battles. It's definitely been a bad month for champions. The biggest match in the area took place in the New Jersey Meadowlands Arena during "Night of Champions II." On this card Stan Hansen, the Bad Man from Borger, Tex., defeated Rick Martel to win the A.W.A. Heavy weight-championship. Hansen chased Martel all over the country in hopes of roping the title and finally the Bad Man lassoed it in the Meadowlands. Martel, meanwhile, hopes to regain the belt back from the new champion. . . .

In another recent upset, "Macho Man" Randy Savage destroyed Hulk Hogan in their Madison Square Garden battle. When the match was over the Hulk was left badly battered, bruised, and bleeding compliments of the "Macho Man." Although the Hulk lost via a count-out the big man still has his prized championship belt. . . for the time being at least. Maybe the Hulkster has finally met his match. . . .

Sgt. Slaughter keeps these boots from walking. The All-American hero has been appearing on Spartan Sports cards in New England and continues to be a crowd favorite wherever he appears.

REPORT

By Al Tessitore

Magnum TA puts the squeeze on N.W.A. kingpin Ric Flair. Magnum has been giving the Nature Boy a hard time and has put Tully Blanchard out of business, beating him in an "I Quit" match.

Also in the Meadow-lands, N.W.A.World champion Ric Flair lost his title to the "American Dream," Dusty Rhodes. In fact, Dusty was even handed the belt but the championship strap was taken away from him when it was discovered that the Dream had tossed Flair over the top rope. Another championship match between these two took place in the Philadelphia Civic Center. This bout was for two out of three falls. In the first fall Dusty scored a pinfall on the champ. In the second fall Flair's figure-four was just too much for his challenger. In the third fall, however, Dusty went wild after Flair took off the Dream's special boot and used it as a battering ram on his challenger. Finally Dusty managed to grab his boot back from Flair and use it on the champ himself. When Rhodes refused to let up, the referee had no recourse but to disqualify Rhodes and award the bout to Flair on a disqualification.

By the way, for the second time in a row over 10,000 screaming fans turned out to see the N.W.A. bouts on the Philadelphia Civic Center card. By the large turnout it's evident that the N.W.A. has finally arrived in a big way in the City of Brotherly Love. . . .

Talk about self-hype, the W.W.F. is trying to promote the Slammy's. It's their own version of the Grammy's for their ill-conceived Wrestling Album. Despite all the hype, the Wrestling Album has been a bust. The wrestlers, with the exception of Hillbilly Jim, can't carry a tune and the songs themselves leave a lot to be desired. Besides, their video for a Land of 1,000 Dances is a disgrace to the sport. The wrestlers involved have been entering the ring accompanied by their own music. Who really wants to see the Junkyard Dog boogey to "Grab Them Cakes!" The song itself has an X-rating according to the new record industry standards. Also, it doesn't seem right seeing and hearing the Hulkster enter an arena to a song other than "Eye of the Tiger.". . .

The British Bulldogs, Davey Boy Smith and the Dynamite Kid, are hot on the trail of Johnny Valiant's Dream Team of Greg Valentine and Brutus Beefcake. The Bulldogs are hoping to relieve the Dream Team of their precious W.W.F. Tag Team title. . . .

Cousin Luke has joined his kinfolk in the W.W.F. Now there are four men from the hills competing in the W.W.F. rings. . . .

Corporal Kirchner has yet to take off in the W.W.F. The 82nd Airborne Division member has not showed anything since "landing " in the W.W.F. . . .

Steve Regal and

"Gorgeous" Jimmy Garvin have lost their A.W.A. Tag Team title to the duo of Curt Hennig and Scott Hall. The champions have vowed to put their title on the line against any and all challengers. . . .

Meanwhile, the Long Riders, Wild Bill and Scott "Hog" Irwin, are determined to strip the new champions of their title belts as soon as possible. . . .

The wildest match ever held on the East Coast has to be the "I Quit" brawl between Magnum TA and Tully Blanchard in the Philadelphia Civic Center. Never has anyone ever put out as much as these two stars. Their bout was definitely a battle to the death and if J.J. Dillon, Blanchard's manager, didn't utter the words "I quit" for his man, these two would still be slugging it out today. . . .

The Road Warriors have been going at it hot and heavy all over the East Coast. The awesome Warriors are feuding with the Russians. These two teams will next meet inside a steel cage in the Civic Center in Philadelphia.

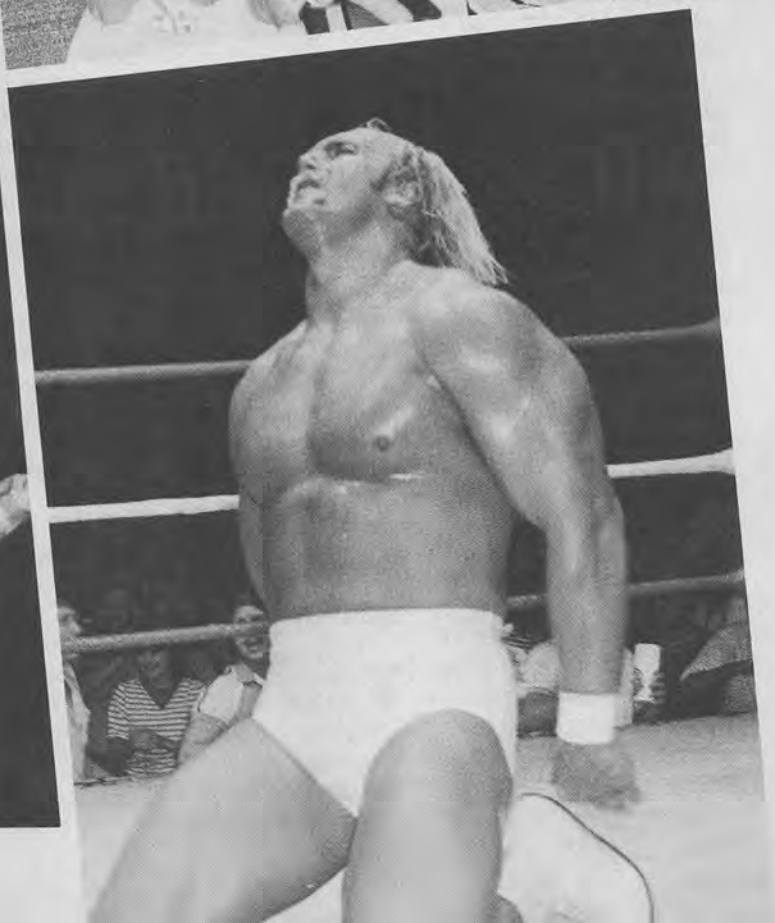
It's hard to believe that Bruno Sammartino is still wrestling. What is he trying to prove? The great Sammartino is merely tarnishing his image by getting it on with "Rowdy" Roddy Piper. And to think that no more than a year ago the man said he would never wrestle again. . . .

What's happening to Sgt. Slaughter? Not much has been heard from him in quite some time. . . .

"Polish Power" Ivan Putski has returned to the W.W.F. and his East Coast fans couldn't be happier. At one time Putski had the distinction of being the most popular man in the W.W.F. . . .

Nikolai Volkoff and the Iron Sheik have openly challenged Greg Valentine and Brutus Beefcake to a match in Madison Square Garden. These two teams have already clashed in

(Clockwise from left) Kevin Sullivan, a.k.a. The Prince of Darkness, now can be seen on I.C.W. cards in Maine and Massachusetts; The Tonga Kid, who has been bringing excitement to T.W.W.F. bouts; and a disappointed Hulk Hogan after experiencing "Macho-Mania."



Canada and now Blassie's foreign connection is looking to finish off the champs on U.S. soil. . . .

George "The Animal" Steele has fallen head over heels for Macho Man's Miss Elizabeth. Steele, however, is not alone. There are millions more out there who are also madly in love with the Macho Man's beautiful but mistreated lady. . . .

Besides the N.W.A., the A.W.A., and the W.W.F. there is quite a bit of independent mat action taking place throughout the eastern seaboard. The I.C.W. has been making headway in Maine and Massachusetts. Stars wrestling for the I.C.W. include Jumping Joe Savoldi, Ox Baker, Austin Idol, the Hollywood Blonds, "Playboy" Buddy Rose, Kevin Sullivan, Maha Singh, The Purple Haze, Gary Hart, and "Bruiser" Brody. That's quite an impressive lineup, to say the least. . . .

Connecticut boasts three new organizations! Capital Sports Promotions has been presenting cards in Hartford, Conn. as well as Springfield, Mass. Their stars include Kamala, the Ugandan Giant, Bulldog Don Kent, Carlos Colon, Abdullah the Butcher, and the fabulous Invaders. Newly formed Spartan Sports has also moved into Connecticut with Dr. D (David Schultz), Mike Moore, Terry Daniels, Liz Chase, the Prince of Pain, Sgt. Slaughter, and others competing. Trans World Wrestling Federation, based in Hamden, Conn., is another top-flight organization. Wrestling for the T.W.W.F. are the Samoans, the Tonga Kid, Chief Jules Strongbow, Kurt Von Hess, the Russians, and midget stars the Haiti Kid and Pancho Lopez. . . .

In Pennsylvania, Raskin Sports Promotions continues to bring the best in wrestling action to the Pennsylvania area. Stars such as Rocky Jones, Manny D. Soto, Pete Sanchez, the Moondog, D.C. Drake, and Rocky Johnson have seen action on these cards.

In New Jersey, the newly formed Eastern Wrestling Alliance is making much headway. Men such as Larry Sharpe, Kurt Von Hess, Johnny Rodz, Tito Torres, and the Executioner are regulars on E.W.A. cards

As you can see, the East Coast is definitely the place to be for the best in wrestling action and excitement. See you at the matches and in our next Eastern Report in the August '86 issue of WRESTLING WORLD, on sale May 27th! ★

Stan Hansen's shorts may be slipping but not his hold on the A.W.A. belt. Dusty Rhodes (bottom) has been giving Ric Flair fits and even regained the N.W.A. belt. . . if only for a fleeting moment.

SOUTHERN

HE CALLS IT "seduction," but you'd think it was forcible abduction to hear Tully Blanchard tell about it. It seems that Tully's prized "10," Baby Doll, developed a preference for the American Dream, Dusty Rhodes, and has decided to throw in her lot with Big Dust against her former mentor.

Don't fret, Tully, that's happened to a lot of gals over the years.

"But look at all I've done for her!" he laments. "There is just no way that she can ever regain the prestige she once enjoyed. Dusty Rhodes will expect her to associate with his low-life redneck friends. She will wear blue jeans instead of expensive furs and fine jewelry. Her association with Rhodes will do irreparable harm to her career—she has thrown away her entire future on this insane, adolescent whim!"

Frankly, we never thought it would happen, but since it has, we are encouraged that Baby Doll is showing a bit of mature judgment for a change. . . .

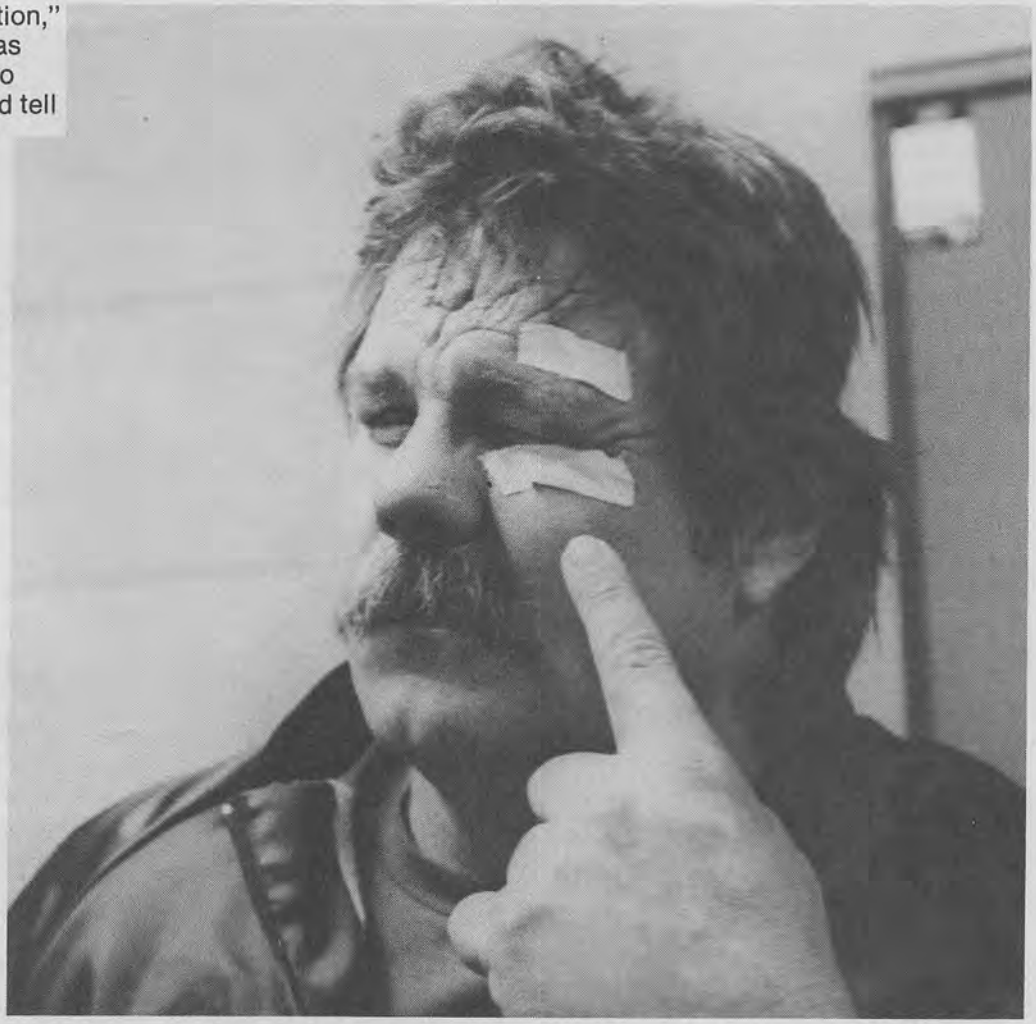
Jesse "Bulldog" Barr has recently captured the Southern Heavyweight championship. Jesse is a singularly capable young athlete whose professional career began on the heels of a major disappointment.

Jesse was among the top Greco-Roman wrestlers trying for the U.S. Olympic team in 1980 and would probably have made it to the games in Moscow that year, however, President Jimmy Carter cancelled U.S. participation in the games because of Russia's invasion of Afghanistan. Politically, it was a valid move, but it cost Jesse the opportunity to win the dream of every amateur athlete, the Olympic gold.

Not one to cry over spilt milk, Jesse Barr accepted an offer to turn pro and has been doing well in the professional ranks ever since. He has been a somewhat controversial figure at times, perhaps because even at his young age he has been able to make very business, like decisions as to what's best for Jesse. . . .

You can be sure that Ric Flair isn't exactly overjoyed by a statement uttered recently by Ron Garvin. "I'm the *real* Nature Boy," says Garvin, knowing that Ric's blood boils whenever it is so much as suggested that any mere mortal could presume to claim that title as his own.

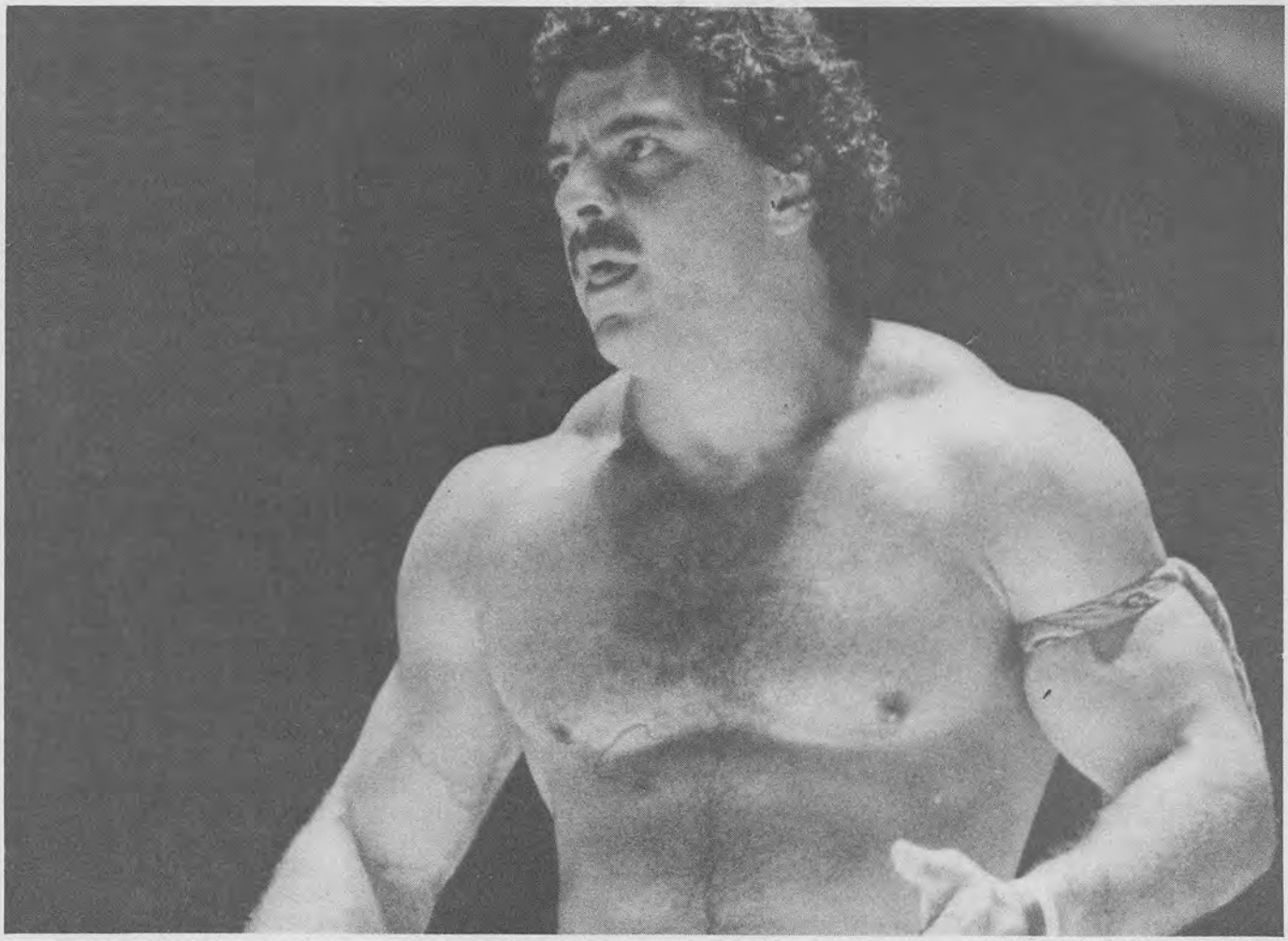
"Next thing you know," Flair remarked, "Garvin will be saying he's the *real* World Heavyweight champion. Well, talk is cheap, so I say let's quit agitating on TV interviews and see whether or not this loudmouth can back



Big Blackjack Mulligan is not amused at the injuries he received at the hands of Kevin Sullivan and his associates.

REPORT

By South Carolina Williams



Jumpin' Joe Savoldi has established a beachhead in the sunny southeast. This finely conditioned athlete is the son of legendary Angelo Savoldi and nephew of the original Jumpin' Joe.

up what he says!"

Indeed, Ron Garvin might be calling himself World Heavyweight champion, and so might the rest of the world—provided Ric really means what he says about getting in the ring and getting it settled.

Kevin Sullivan has put out a $10,000 bounty on Wahoo McDaniel. Reason? Wahoo came to the aid of Blackjack Mulligan, who is no friend of Sullivan's, after Kevin and several of his loyal followers did a number on Blackjack.

"The sport of wrestling cannot tolerate Mulligan's hoodlum tactics," says Sullivan, "if it wishes to remain respectable. It is people like Blackjack Mulligan who give wrestling a bad name. I'll give you one example: Blackjack Mulligan has stooped so low that he is now willing to associate with the Road Warriors! Can you believe that? Here he goes around with his two glamor-boy kids, talking about what fine, upstanding young athletes they are, and he is associating with a couple of weirdos like the Road Warriors!"

Right, Kevin; we sure can't approve of associating with *weirdos,* now, can we? (Wow!). . . .

Roy Welch had to give up the U.S. Junior Heavyweight title after suffering severe ankle injuries which will have him out of action for some time. The title was put up for grabs in a tournament which was won by Tim "White Lightning" Horner. . . .

Adrian Street still minces to the ring, accompanied by the vivacious Miss Linda, who refused to answer when we asked her if she might not be wasting her time with a guy like Adrian.

The Exotic One (that's Adrian) himself is a bit put out by the persistent hostility of Norvel Austin. "Every time I wrestle him,

And Kevin Sullivan has the nerve to call the Road Warriors *weirdos*! "The Prince of Darkness" poses with Miss Luna, formerly known to the world as Angel Vachon. "The sport of wrestling cannot tolerate Mulligan's hoodlum antics if it wishes to remain respectable," surmises Sullivan.

he gets all sweaty!" says Adrian. "And that woman who accompanies him—that *Amazon!* (Lady Maxine). That hairdo of hers is simply outrageous!"

Granted, you don't see a woman wearing a Mohawk every day, at least not around Alabama and the Florida panhandle, where Adrian has been active. Perhaps he just doesn't like the idea of anyone else being "exotic." . . .

Jumpin' Joe Savoldi has made a big hit with the fans in Florida. Joe is the son of the legendary Angelo Savoldi, who in turn had an uncle who was the original Jumpin' Joe Savoldi. Young Mr. Savoldi does, indeed, come by his trade as a matter of family tradition, however he is rapidly making his own mark in the mat sport. . . .

Friends of America do not include the brothers Koloff, Ivan and Nikita, and their comrade, Sergeyevich "Krusher" Khrushchev, but they seem to like the States well enough to take advantage of the opportunity it gives them to make a few American dollars. So far, at least, they have not asked to be paid for their efforts in rubles.

Much the same can be said for the Cuban Assassin, who is accused of being a former tag team partner of Khrushchev's. At the time of the alleged association, the man in question wore a white mask and called himself the Saint. He spoke Spanish and had plenty to say about what a great place Cuba was under the Castro regime.

The Cuban Assassin denies that he ever wore a mask, but Hector Guerrero says that he and the Saint are one and the same, and that the Cuban Assassin wore the mask when he first came to this country because he was here illegally under a false identity and feared being deported as a Castro agent if he were recognized. . . .

Arn Anderson struck an unpopular note with a lot of the ladies recently when he went on television and stated that ". . . women are only good for makin' dinner or makin' babies!" When asked to retract his statement, Arn said, "All right, I'll admit there are a lot of them who don't know how to cook—but if it was up to me, they'd learn how!" . . .

Tyree Pride won the Bahamas Heavyweight championship last year. Tyree is not super-big as heavyweight wrestlers go, but when it comes to speed, he is a one-man tag team. He comes to us from Haiti, and is currently active in Florida and the Caribbean. . . .

The name of Armstrong is still one to be reckoned with in the southeast. Patriarch Bob "the Bullet" Armstrong has three sons wrestling, Brad, Scott, and Steve. The Armstrongs are currently having their share of problems with another famous wrestling family, the Fullers. Heading up the Fuller crew is Ron, the "Tennessee Stud," who calls his entourage "Studd's Stable."

The stable includes Ron's brother, Robert, along with the masked Mr. Olympia and the massive Boomer Lynch. These guys do stick together, but when you try and gang up on the Armstrong clan, you'd better have an army! . . .

Sam Houston recently won the Mid-Atlantic Heavyweight championship. That's a real prestige item among wrestlers in the southeastern quadrant. Sam is a hard-hitting young athlete with a bright future and his eye on Ric Flair and the N.W.A. title. . . .

Chief Wahoo McDaniel says he hasn't given up on Flair, and a lot of other top grapplers have joined in expressing this sentiment. Ric has one of the toughest assignments in professional sports, because N.W.A. territory covers a lot more real

Jesse Barr, a former Olympic hopeful, has won more than his share of gold. His latest honor is the Southern Heavyweight strap and there are sure to be more laurels in store for him as well as Tyree Pride (below), the Bahamas Heavyweight champion.

estate and a lot more major cities than anybody else can claim. Flair now calls Charlotte, N.C. home, but he doesn't get to spend a great deal of time there, and in fact is away from the southeast much of the time in order to defend his "10 pounds of gold" in such far-away places as Australia, Japan, Hawaii, and Mexico.

Former World champ Harley Race—the only man ever to hold the N.W.A. title seven times—is by no means out of the picture. Harley has gone on record as saying he wants to make it number eight, and that Ric Flair is ". . . standing in the way of progress like a buffalo on a railroad track." Perhaps Harley's judgment is a bit unfair; Ric certainly has been a fighting champion, but then, so was Harley—each and every time he held the belt. In any case, the confrontation between these two giants of the wrestling world seems likely to take place in a major southern city, and that will be good news for those of us in this part of the country. . . .

It would be a mistake to say that this covers everything south of the Mason-Dixon line and east of the Mississippi, but we've tried to hit some of the highlights. For now, we'll be back to enjoying the good weather until it's time to tell you more about what's happening where the magnolia blossoms bloom. ★

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MIDLANDS

AWESOME STAN HANSEN, strutting Ric Flair, the explosive Von Erich family, classy Ted DiBiase, rowdy Dick Murdoch, and the mainstays of the World Wrestling Federation (W.W.F.) are just a few of the major mat talents gathering headlines and spotlights in the Midlands.

Hansen, of course, leaped right to the head of the class when he dethroned nimble Rick Martel as the American Wrestling Association (A.W.A) Heavyweight champion at the Meadowlands Arena in New Jersey. The main strength of the A.W.A. is, naturally, in the Midlands and this is the location where Hansen previously made several futile attempts to dislodge Martel.

Also known as the man who broke Bruno Sammartino's neck, Hansen is a pure, raw, brute force. Standing about 6-6 and weighing some 330 pounds, Hansen uses his vicious "Lariat" to flatten the majority of his hapless rivals. But Hansen showed his sound fundamentals, deep determination, and ability to withstand punishment and handle a cunning foe when he took the measure of Martel.

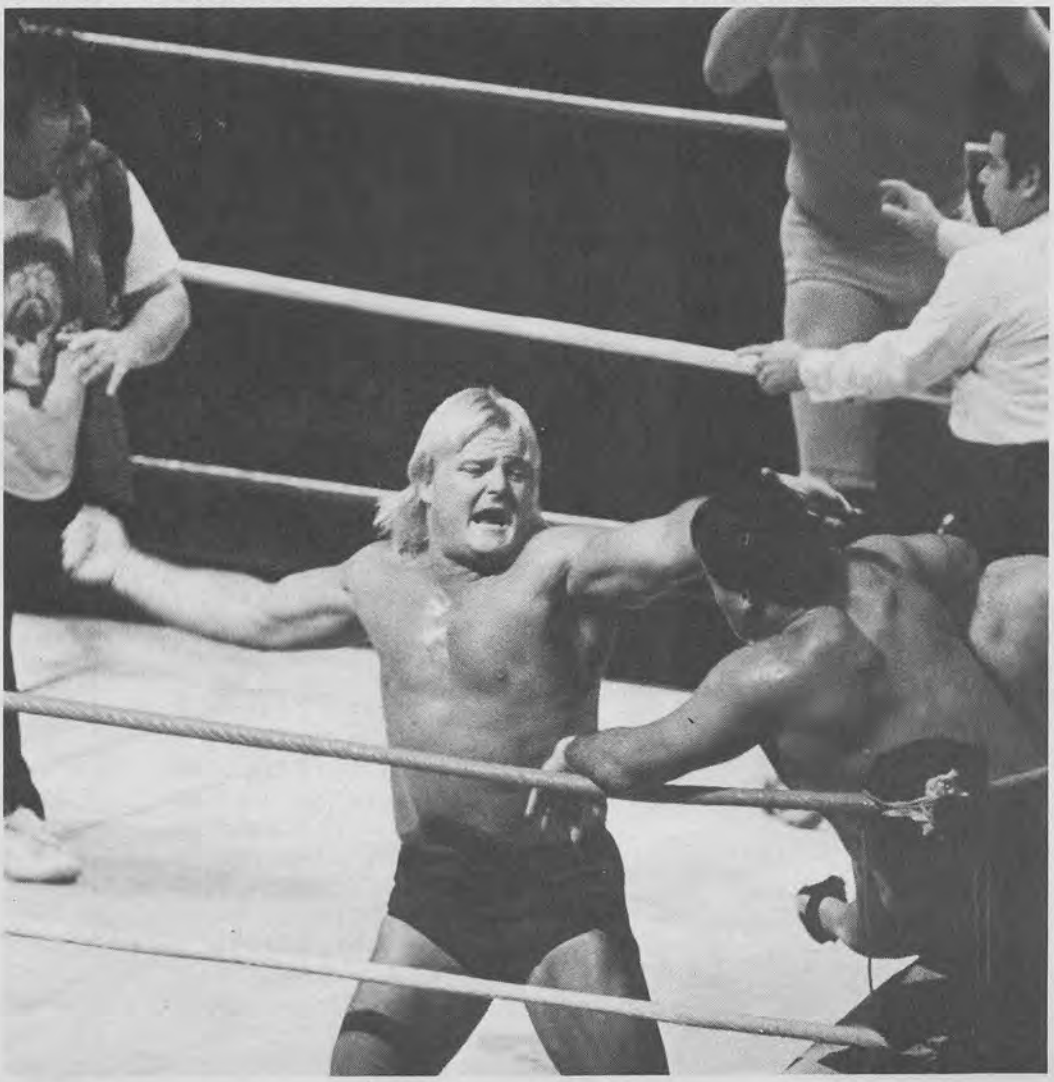
In truth, Martel was probably a much underrated champion for the A.W.A. The organization itself never really got behind Martel and gave him the push his talent deserved. Never one to rock the boat, Martel might well have been "too nice a guy." He took on all comers and, until along came Hansen, was a most worthy kingpin.

Obviously, Martel is a leading contender for the A.W.A. title now in the grasp of Hansen. So is rugged Sgt. Slaughter, along with 469-pound "Crusher" Blackwell.

But the most intriguing challenger for Hansen could well turn out to be crafty Nick Bockwinkel. Recently, Bockwinkel has been in the strange position of hearing cheers thanks to a nasty feud brewing with Larry Zbyszko.

Amazingly enough, the applause seems to have revitalized the career of Bockwinkel. Keep in mind, Nick held the A.W.A. laurels for several years before losing the belt to Tommy "Jumbo" Tsuruta, who was beaten by Martel.

Greg "The Hammer" Valentine joins partner Brutus Beefcake in some squared-circle craziness. As the Chippendale's reject holds one of their adversaries, Valentine hammers away.



REPORT

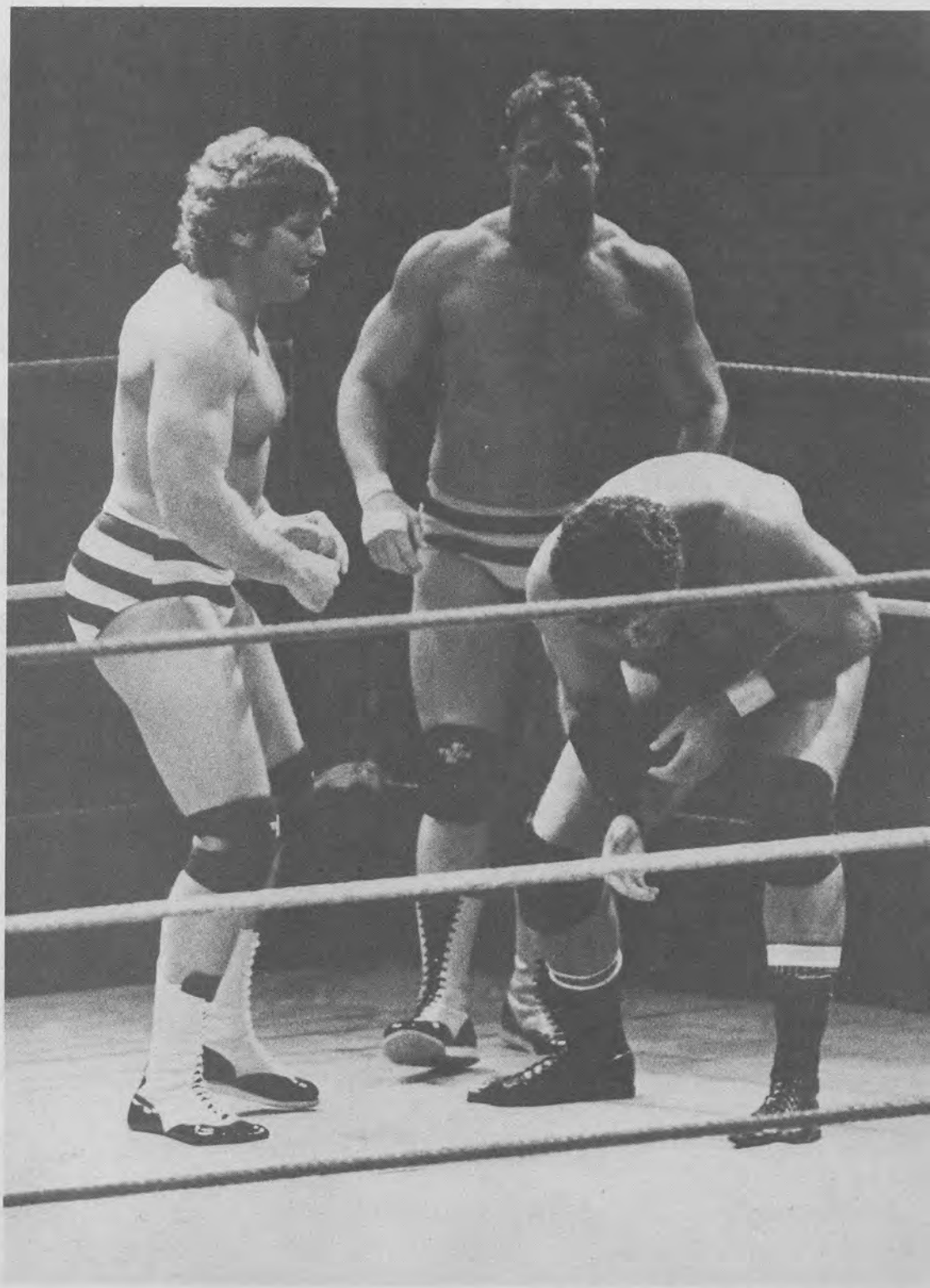
By Len Matthews

A quick check of the WRESTLING WORLD ratings probably shows that Bockwinkel is indeed the oldest member of the Top 50. He is also, however, possibly the best conditioned. His stamina is better than ever and his quick mind has never been sharper.

Bockwinkel looks more dangerous than ever before, especially now that he has opened with scientific tactics he always knew but seldom used. That combination of skills could provide trouble for even the likes of the rough-and-tumble Stan Hansen. . . .

The National Wrestling Alliance (N.W.A.) crown has NOT changed hands, but no thanks to Dusty Rhodes and Harley Race are necessary. Ruler Ric Flair has been pushed to the hilt by Rhodes all over the country and by Race in the Midlands.

One duel between Race and Flair was such a bloody mess that two referees were injured before other wrestlers on the card came to the ring and physically pulled Flair and Race apart. This led to a battle inside a cage, although Flair has still managed to squeak by and keep his prize.



The Killer Bees, Jim Brunzell and Brian Blair, sink their stingers into one matman who tried to disrupt their hive. Wrestling experts have deemed the duo one of the most underrated in the sport.

By the way, Flair is also still being manhandled by "Hacksaw" Butch Reed in southern portions of the Midlands. Somehow, Flair always seems to find a method of squirming away with the N.W.A belt still in his grasp. But Reed, again and again, has shown he is definitely championship material. . . .

Kerry and Kevin Von Erich continue to be ignored by the A.W.A., N.W.A., and W.W.F. (*see page* 16). Nobody is anxious to find out if their champion is able to knock off either of these splendid athletes.

Anyway, things are hardly dull for the Von Erichs.

One pair of foes is Gino Hernandez and "Gentleman" Chris Adams. This pair rebounded from a humiliating loss to the Von Erichs, after which Hernandez and Adams had their heads shaved as a condition of the defeats.

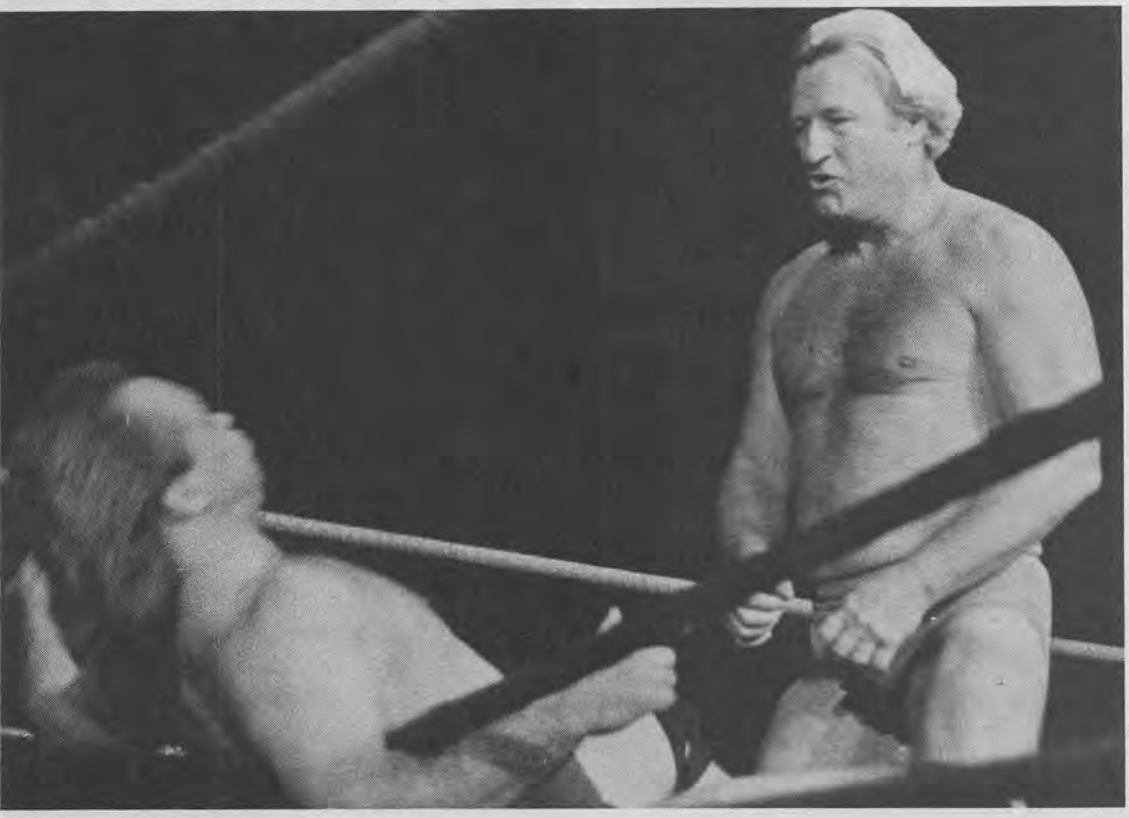
Donning masks to hide their shiny noggins, if not their true identities, Hernandez and Adams then scored an important victory by pin over the Von Erich brothers. But then the Von Erichs stormed back to take the measure of Hernandez and Adams. . . .

"The Freebirds" have also been at odds with another famous tag team combination, the mighty Road Warriors. The upper Midlands have been treated to some brutal encounters involving the Freebirds and the Road Warriors. Both squads have scored a few victories, and many donnybrooks have ended in justified disqualifications. . . .

Disqualifications are also popping up in the series of wars between Ted DiBiase and rowdy Dick Murdoch. This situation had been a potential volcano for some time and finally erupted when Murdoch jumped DiBiase before Ted started an important showdown against N.W.A. boss Ric Flair.

Murdoch was joined in the attack by controversial Dick Slater. This brought DiBiase's tag team partner, Steve "Dr. Death" Williams, into the fracas as well. The finale of the whole bizarre episode was that DiBiase and Williams have become huge fan favorites.

Although Murdoch has been most happy to take on either DiBiase or Williams individually, the prospect of tag team battle came up and Murdoch imported the Masked Superstar to be his mate. As wild as the individual combat has been, the tag team affairs are absolute chaos.



Former A.W.A. champ Nick Bockwinkel topples Larry Zbyszko (above left) in a battle of top contenders for Stan Hansen's strap. The wily Bockwinkel is always a good bet to batter his way back to the top spot. The Freebirds (left), meanwhile, plot against former tag champs the Road Warriors.

As for Slater, he shocked many in the mat community by upsetting Butch Reed for the North American championship. For a few years, all have agreed that Slater had the ability to go as far as he wanted in wrestling. Everyone also agreed that Slater was a "head case," totally unpredictable.

The triumph over Reed would seem to indicate, though, that Slater has finally managed to pull everything together. Slater can count, though, on the fact that Reed is hot on his trail, just as DiBiase and Williams would also love a shot at his title.

Slater might also consider that the loyalty of Murdoch probably only extends to the first "open contract" with the championship at stake. Rough, mean, and clever, Murdoch is also out for only one thing—himself. . . .

"King Kong" Brody (left) has become known as a gun for hire and Gary Hart is taking advantage of the situation, setting the big brawler loose all around the Midlands. N.W.A. champ Ric Flair (below left) has had his hands full with ex-champ Harley Race and "Hacksaw" Butch Reed.

The W.W.F. is also busy in the Midlands, although many of the matches headlining here are similar to those on either coast. For instance, W.W.F. champion Hulk Hogan has clashed with huge "King Kong" Bundy on several occasions.

Likewise, the "Killer Bees," composed of Jim Brunzell and Brian Blair, have given the W.W.F. Tag Team champions, Brutus Beefcake and Greg Valentine, lots of headaches. In St. Louis, for instance, the titleholders used the old "disqualification" escape route to keep the title even while being beaten.

Some observers think Brunzell is becoming the most underrated wrestler in the W.W.F. Brunzell goes out of his way to submerge his personality with that of Blair to make the "Killer Bees" a rousing success. Perhaps Brunzell, like Martel, might just be a bit "too nice" for wrestling politics of 1986. . . .

Nobody is accusing "King Kong" Brody of being "too nice." Recently, Brody signed a contract with manager Gary Hart and Hart has turned Brody loose on some fan favorites who have been giving Hart fits. Brody, as most all in the know realize, is a gun for hire. And this gun is obviously capable of taking out any so-called big name in wrestling. . . .

One big name—Sammartino—startled a few people when son David left the W.W.F. to join the A.W.A. David clearly was getting little attention in the W.W.F. and, despite a number of solid victories, was not rewarded with any important matches.

Upon going to the A.W.A., David quickly found himself involved with Sgt. Slaughter for tag team tussles against A.W.A. champions "Gorgeous" Jimmy Garvin and Steve Regal. Early outings indicated that David, if he gets the opportunity, might well burst right through the door. . . .

With all of that going on, no wonder Midlands wrestling continues to be the true center of the wrestling world. ★

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WESTERN

AN EXCITING extravaganza featuring some of the greatest wrestlers from the World Wrestling Federation (W.W.F.) exploded recently at Fresno's Convention Center, where more than 9,000 thrilled fans turned out.

The card began with Alexis Smirnoff, a former U.S. Heavyweight Champion, also known as "The Mad Russian," taking on the popular King Tonga, a 275-pounder from Tonga who is rising to the top.

Prior to the match, Smirnoff told WRESTLING WORLD: "Listen, for one thing, you probably don't realize just who I am. I held the U.S. Championship for nearly a year, and I successfully defended my title against Pat Patterson, Ray Stevens, Rocky Johnson, Tony Garea, the late Peter Maivia, and others on the West Coast. The fans hate me, but I don't care. Fans seem to be insanely jealous of successful wrestlers like me.

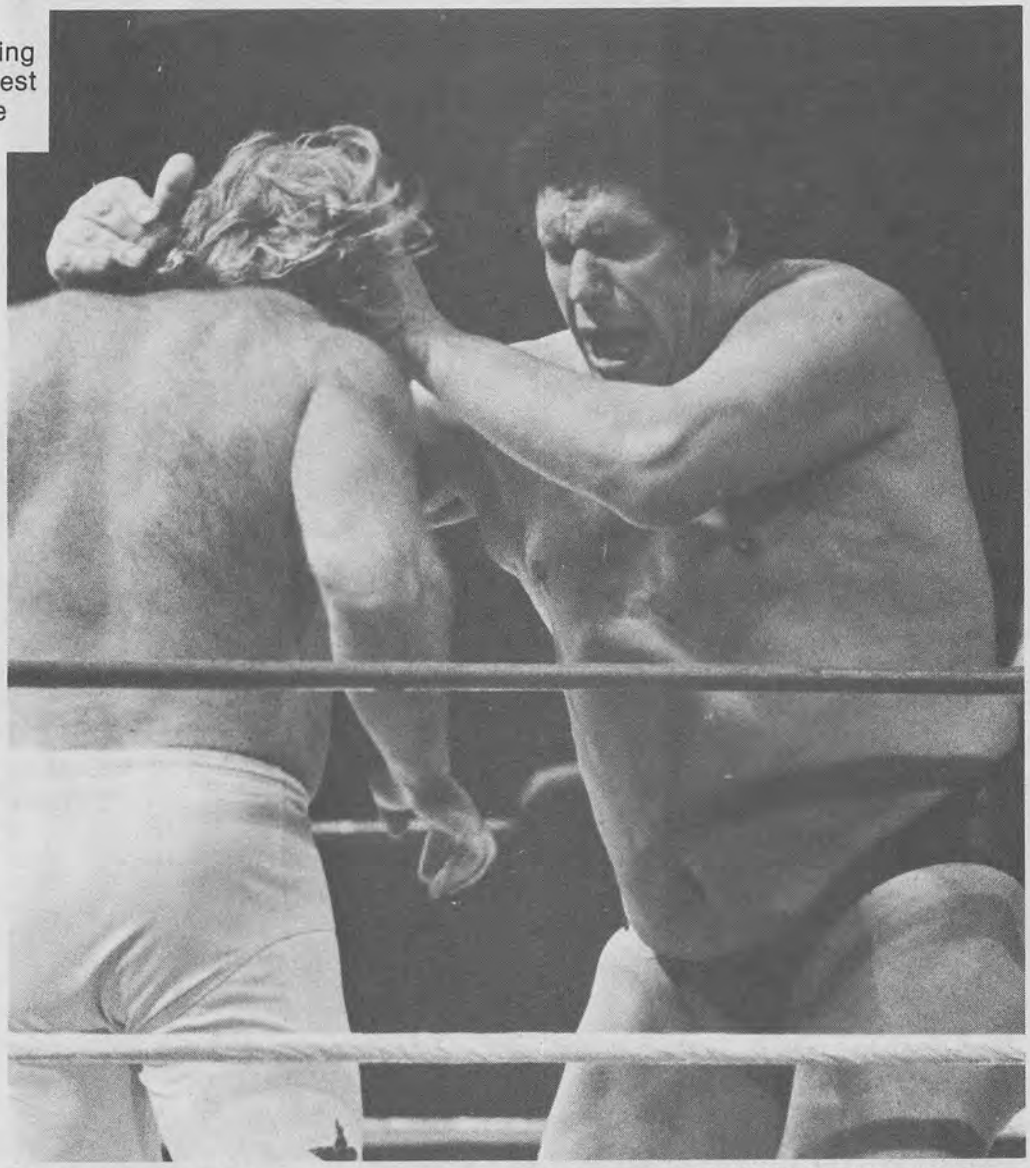
"But tonight, you're going to see an experienced wrestler obtain victory. And I don't care about breaking the rules—rules were made to be broken." Tonga was unavailable for comment prior to the start of the bout.

When the bell rang, Smirnoff attacked Tonga and kicked him in the midsection with his heavy, steel-toed boot. Tonga went down, and Smirnoff put the boots to him until the referee warned him to let up.

Suddenly Tonga dropkicked his foe, then threw him through the ropes near the front row of ringsiders. Smirnoff was able to re-enter the ring to beat the 10-count, but Tonga was ready for him. Within three minutes, Tonga had bodyslammed Smirnoff twice, then leaped off the top rope to pin him.

The next bout of the evening saw Nikolai Volkoff against George "The Animal" Steele in a match that certainly left the crowd agape. At first the fans didn't know who to root for, but they despise Volkoff so much because of his dislike of the United States that they appeared to be behind Steele all the way.

As usual, the 288-pounder from Detroit was acting like a wild animal as he tore into Volkoff. In fact, as Volkoff



GIANT ANTICS: Andre (right) gives Studd his own very personal calling card. "Big John" is among the very biggest of all challengers to "The Eighth Wonder," but Bundy is now Andre's largest foe.

REPORT

By Allan Bolte

sang the Russian national anthem, Steele chased him around the ring and grabbed the microphone from him. The quick-thinking Volkoff ducked as Steele attempted to hit him with the mike. Steele was up to his old animalistic tricks of biting, kicking, and mauling his opponent, but this time the fans couldn't have been happier.

But after about five minutes of such antics, Steele left the ring, grabbed a ringside chair, and slammed it over Volkoff's head. When the referee attempted to grab the chair from Steele, he quickly found out that was a mistake—Steele slammed the chair over the *ref's* head, which brought an immediate disqualification.

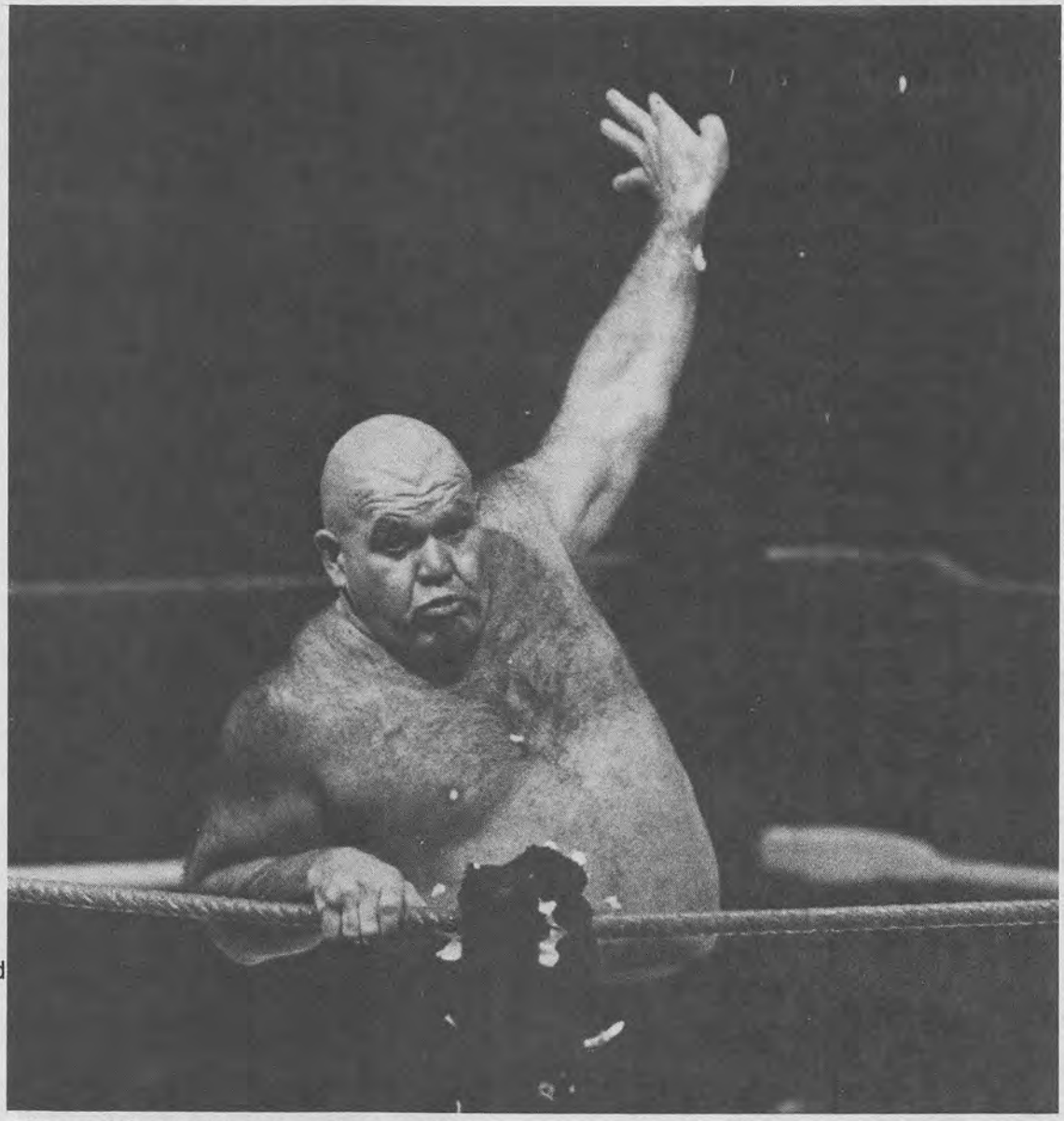
Volkoff's hand was raised in victory, but Steele was enraged. Security assisted the ref back to his dressing room; Volkoff left the ring, and Steele was left alone with the chair. He slammed the chair over his own head, then tried biting off one of the steel bolts attached to the chair before calling it quits for the night.

The next bout was an exciting tag team match that pitted perhaps one of the most controversial tag teams in wrestling: Brett "Hit Man" Hart and Jim "The Anvil" Neidhart, with their manager, Jimmy Hart—"The Hart Foundation" (*see page 28*)—against Tony "Mr. U.S.A." Atlas and George Welles (*see page 38*).

Fans were happy to see Welles back in northern California, since he was born in Oakland, just 150 miles from Fresno. Another case of "local boy makes good," Welles played football in high school and college locally before becoming a professional wrestler.

Hart and Neidhart are downright vicious on the mat, and they'll do anything within their power to win. But more than that, they enjoy maiming their opponents *and* they enjoy seeing them suffer.

The Hart boys jumped their opponents before



"The Animal" in one of his more serene moments, as he spreads good cheer in the wake of toppling the evil Volkoff—which put Steele in the unlikely position of fan favorite.

Bruno Sammartino, Jr. (right) gets his line tapped by Brett Hart, while "The Magnificent One" (below) toys with another unwitting opponent.

the bell had sounded. Welles and Atlas were busy signing autographs as the wrestlers were being introduced.

Neidhart kicked Atlas, and Hart slammed Welles' head against the corner turnbuckle before the bell rang. Neidhart and Hart choked, gouged, kicked, and stomped their foes for the first few minutes—until the tables turned and Atlas was successful with a powerful side headlock which forced Hart to the mat. Eventually Neidhart entered the ring and kicked Atlas off, which brought Welles in to save his partner.

And that was when all hell broke loose. The four combatants fought at once, and Neidhart and Hart double-teamed Atlas while the ref was chasing Welles back to his corner. Atlas was being worked over and the ref couldn't catch an illegal move by Hart as he pulled out an object and scraped it against Atlas' face and eyes, bringing forth blood. This set him up for an easy pin, so the bout went to the Hart Foundation.

"Magnificent" Don Muraco was next, and he had his hands full with Jerry Monti. But the match didn't last long: After less than three minutes of action, Muraco threw Monti out of the ring and came out after him, repeatedly slamming his head against the ring apron, the iron post, and a few ringside chairs.

The "Magnificent One" simply threw the limp Monti back into the ring, pressed him for the three-count, and smiled at the jeering crowd. It was another Don Muraco victory.

An interesting surprise was in store for the fans after that bout. One of the highest-rated wrestlers of all time, Pat Patterson, was at the arena. Patterson wrestled successfully throughout the West Coast for seven years, with northern California the scene for many of his victories. Patterson took the microphone and gave a brief message.

"I haven't wrestled here in northern California for several years and it's great to be here," Patterson said. "I have always loved wrestling in California, because the competition is tough, and the fans are great. It's good to see all of you."

Adrian Adonis, a 283-pounder from New York City, took on S.D. Jones in a one-fall match after Patterson left, the cheers still ringing. Adonis entered in full black leather, including boots, wrist bands, whip, and cap.

Adonis is tough, no question. He threw his capable opponent around the ring like a lightweight, then won a knuckle-down against Jones in the middle of the ring. Surprisingly, for such a heavy athlete, Adonis is fast and wrestles as if he were 50 pounds lighter.

It took Adonis just six minutes and 11 seconds to pin Jones, after using a flying elbow drive from the top rope, landing elbow-first on the back of Jones' neck.

The semifinal event featured the talented Corporal Kirchner, a 240-pounder from Fort Bragg, N.C., against the Iron Sheik. Kirchner, a true All-American, is immensely proud of the U.S. of A., and he frequently boasts about his six-year military stint. The fact that Sheik is about as anti-American as they come didn't exactly please Kirchner.

At the outset, Kirchner applied a powerful side-headlock that kept Sheik in agony, until the Iranian madman punched Kirchner in the midsection and began choking him. He dished out the punishment, but suddenly the tables turned when Kirchner tripped his foe, applied a reverse backbreaker, and added a sunset flip that led to the pin.

"The Mouth of the South," Jimmy Hart (left), points the way for his fearless Hart Foundation in their latest brutal encounter. The one and only Pat Patterson (below) kept his irons in the fire with a surprise appearance at the Fresno affair.

"C'mon, say 'I love America,' say 'I love America,' " Kirchner shouted to Sheik as he applied more pressure. But the match was over—America's hero was the winner.

The final event of the evening was billed as the "Battle of the Giants." The Eighth Wonder of the World, Andre the Giant, standing 7-4 and weighing 484 pounds, took on King Kong Bundy, a 453-pounder from Atlantic City who is gaining lots of recognition these days.

Bundy forced Andre to his knees and for several moments he held the Giant in a reverse wrist-lock, but the big man refused to give up. Bundy lost his temper and attempted to smother Andre.

Finally the massive Frenchman climbed to his feet, picked Bundy up, and dropped him, as the fans laughed it up. Two minutes later, Andre tripped Bundy and held him in a reverse cradle for the three-count. To say that Bundy was upset would be putting it mildly.

"I'll get even with that bum," he screamed. "His size doesn't frighten me. I'm the second-biggest man in wrestling, and as soon as I get rid of him, I'll be the biggest. No one is going to be able to stop me—and that goes for Barry Windham, Tito Santana, Rotundo, Steamboat, Andre, Muraco, all of 'em. I'm not afraid of anyone. I think the W.W.F. is afraid of me, because Hulk Hogan thinks I'll steal his championship. Well, I plan on finishing him off just as soon as time allows."

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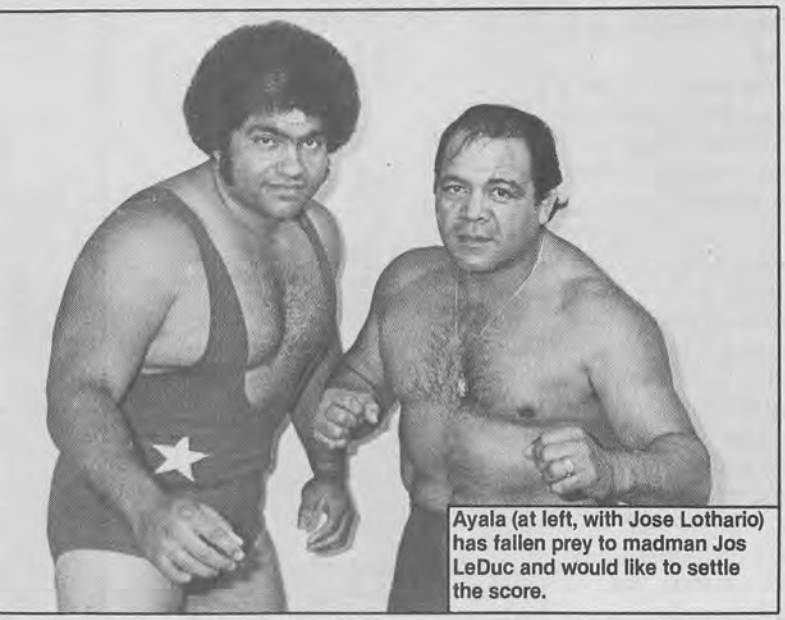
CARIBBEAN



Ayala (at left, with Jose Lothario) has fallen prey to madman Jos LeDuc and would like to settle the score.

The Mighty Igor gave LeDuc his bitterest battle before falling in San Juan.

THE CARIBBEAN scene is just as crazy as ever. While the Northeast enters the cold winter months, the sunny islands are aflame with wild, non-stop action and excitement.

The biggest news in the area centers around Jos LeDuc. From the moment the big Canadian entered the area, he has beaten everyone thrown in his path—and now LeDuc owns the prestigious **North American** title. All attempts to unseat him have been futile. In a wild brawl in San Juan's Hiram Bithorn Stadium, the Mighty Igor tried his luck against the big lumberjack but he too met defeat. LeDuc has already disposed of the Invaders (I and III), Hercules Ayala, Victor Jovica, and even the **Universal champ** Carlos Colon. The fans are now wondering if LeDuc will ever go down. . . .

The Crazy Sheepherders have finally tasted defeat: After their year-long reign, Colon and Miguel Perez, Jr. dethroned the crazy New Zealanders at last. The Sheepherders, however, are not taking their loss lightly, and have vowed to get even with the new champions. "They may have the belts now, but they won't have them for long," claims Sheepherder Luke Williams. It remains to be seen whether the nutty New Zealanders will ever be able to ride back to the top. . . .

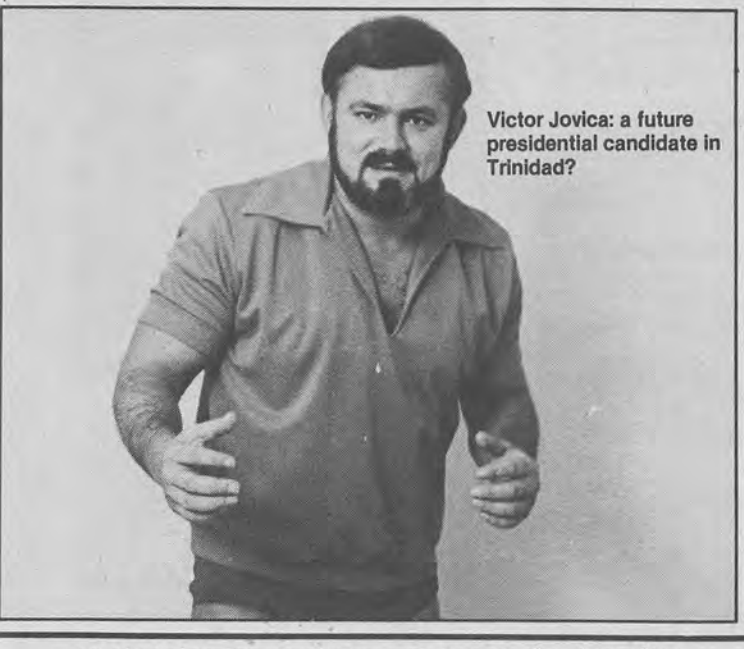
The RPM's have entered the area and are a much better team now than they were during their stay in the "World Championship" area. This time around the RPM's have perfected their teamwork and are on the brink of stardom. With just a little bit of luck the RPM's could capture one of the tag team straps in this turf. . . .

Midget stars Cowboy Lang and Pepper Gomez have been competing in the area quite a bit recently. The fans never tire of their unique brand of mayhem and excitement. . . . Chickie Starr is feuding with the Invaders. Starr was originally trained in the sport by one of the Invaders and now he's turned his back on his two former friends. Starr was never able to get out from under the Invaders' shadow but since breaking with them the youngster has really come into his own. Actually Starr needs to leave the Caribbean and gain exposure in the States. If he does he could become a big star. . . .

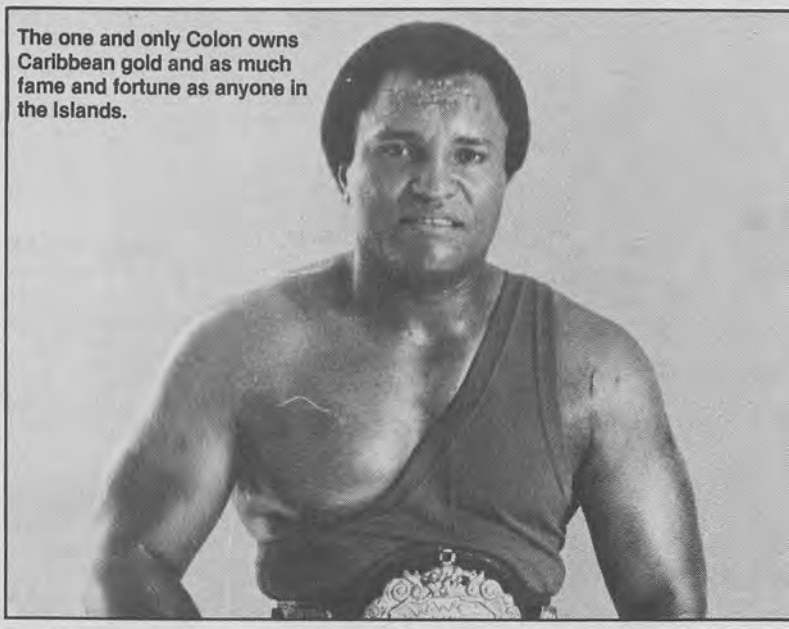
CARIBBITS: Miguel Perez, Jr. continues to improve with every match. The youngster is definitely headed for stardom . . . . The Super Medic is still doing his thing in the Caribbean. The masked man is one of the most popular battlers in the balmylands. . . . Kamala the Ugandan Giant has made his presence felt in the Caribbean in a big way. Kamala has already destroyed Invader III and the Super Medic—and is now looking to do in *Colon*. Kamala's manager, Scandor Akbar, feels that it's only a matter of time before the big man squashes Puerto Rico's favorite son. . . . Abdullah the Butcher continues his wild ways in the sunny Caribbean. There's just

REPORT

By George Napolitano



Victor Jovica: a future presidential candidate in Trinidad?



The one and only Colon owns Caribbean gold and as much fame and fortune as anyone in the Islands.

no stopping the madman from the Sudan. . . .

"Erica, Erica, Erica" is the cry one hears whenever Eric Embry steps into the ring. The bleached blond with the effeminate ways has angered every one in the sunny Caribbean. But Embry doesn't mind the abuse because he has the Puerto Rican Heavyweight title in his possession. In a recent bout in Bayamon, Embry, to the surprise of everyone, pinned Invader II. It must be noted, though, that Embry used the ropes for leverage while pinning the Invader. Now these two are ready for a showdown to determine the rightful holder of the belt. . . .

Dory Funk, Jr. and the French Hangman have joined forces in the Caribbean with the expressed purpose of going after Colon and Perez, Jr., the W.W.C. Tag Team titleholders. . . .

Not too long ago veteran Jose Rivera came out of retirement to join Colon in battling the Sheepherders. Needless to say, Jose is now back in retirement. . . .

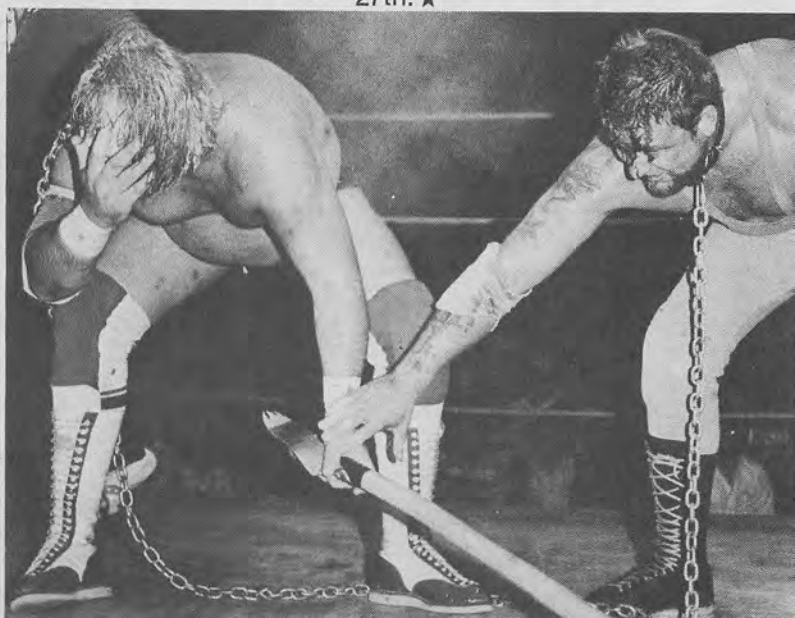
Jovica is still one of the most popular stars in the Caribbean. Jovica could run for president in Trinidad and win by a landslide. . . .

Hugo Savinovitch has settled his score with Embry (for the time being, at least) and has once again returned to his full-time chores as an announcer. . . .

Capital Sports Promotions recently completed a very successful South American tour, with all of the top stars from the Caribbean competing. The fans, as expected, took an instant liking to the high-flying Colon. Capital Sports videotapes have been on the air in South America for a couple of years, so when the wrestlers appeared there they were treated like royalty. A follow-up tour has been scheduled for May. . . .

That's all for now. Check us out again for another Caribbean update in the August 1986 issue of WRESTLING WORLD, heading your way on May 27th. ★

Sheepherder Luke Williams (right) prepares to ax Bobby Jaggers in a lethal chain match.



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With "Automatic Mind-Command" you'll be running the show. Make a wish, turn on The Power, and watch those around you drop everything and do what they're told.

And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—you are the only one who knows what's going on—*you* alone decide when things should start . . . stop . . . change around.

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You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

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Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, *it's done!* The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not *why!*

FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their master in you! You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks . . . Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left . . . she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as if nothing had happened!

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . . your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you . . . and automatically want to help you.

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Unusual? Not at all . . . things happen every day with "Automatic Mind-Command."

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In all history, few indeed are the ones who have recognized "Automatic Mind-Command." The rest, who do not use it, pay the penalty in suffering, wishing, hoping, dreaming . . . Now I say to you: Wish no more!

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And it's all just *minutes* away!

Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!

Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief . . . And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

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Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

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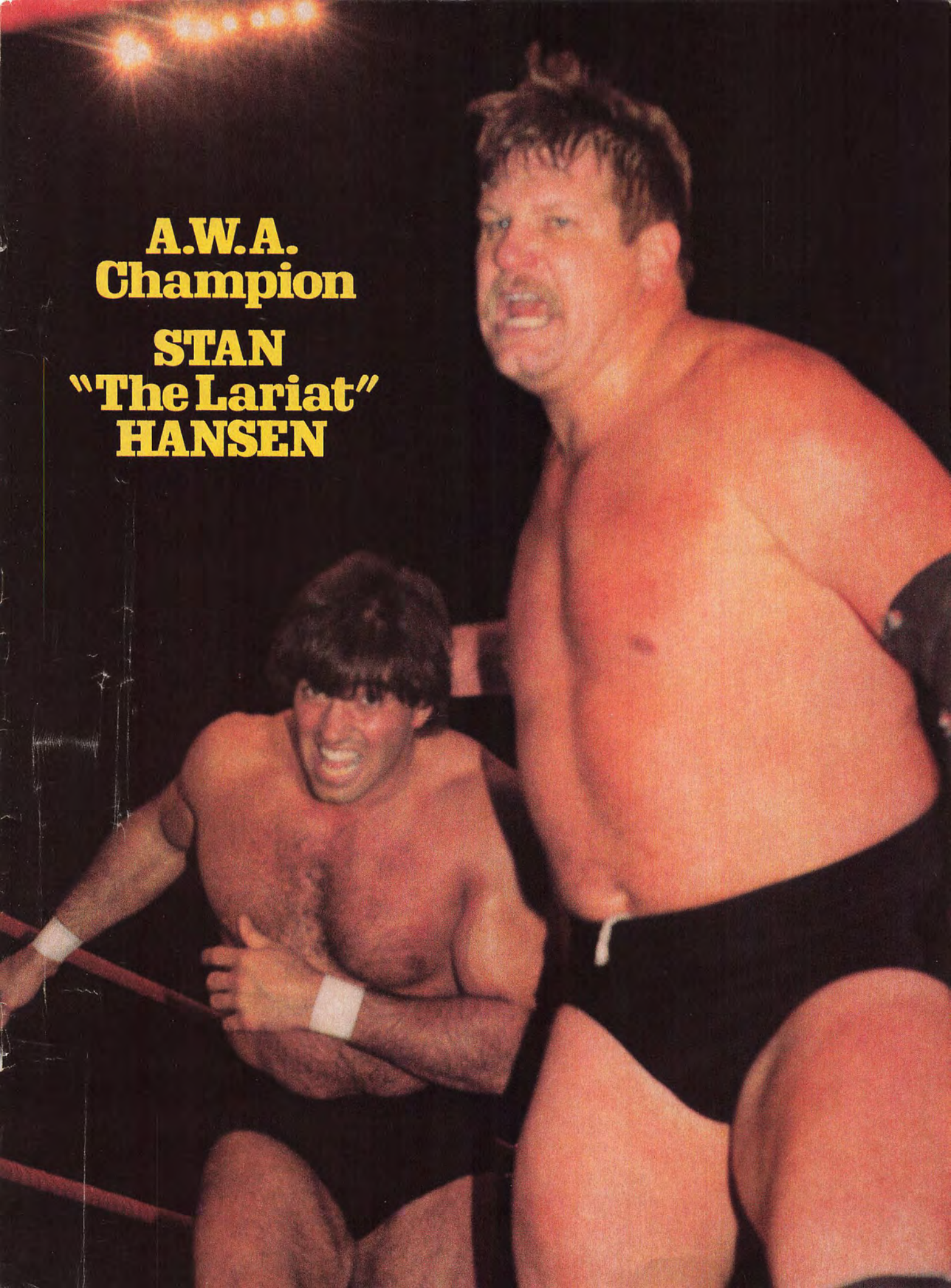
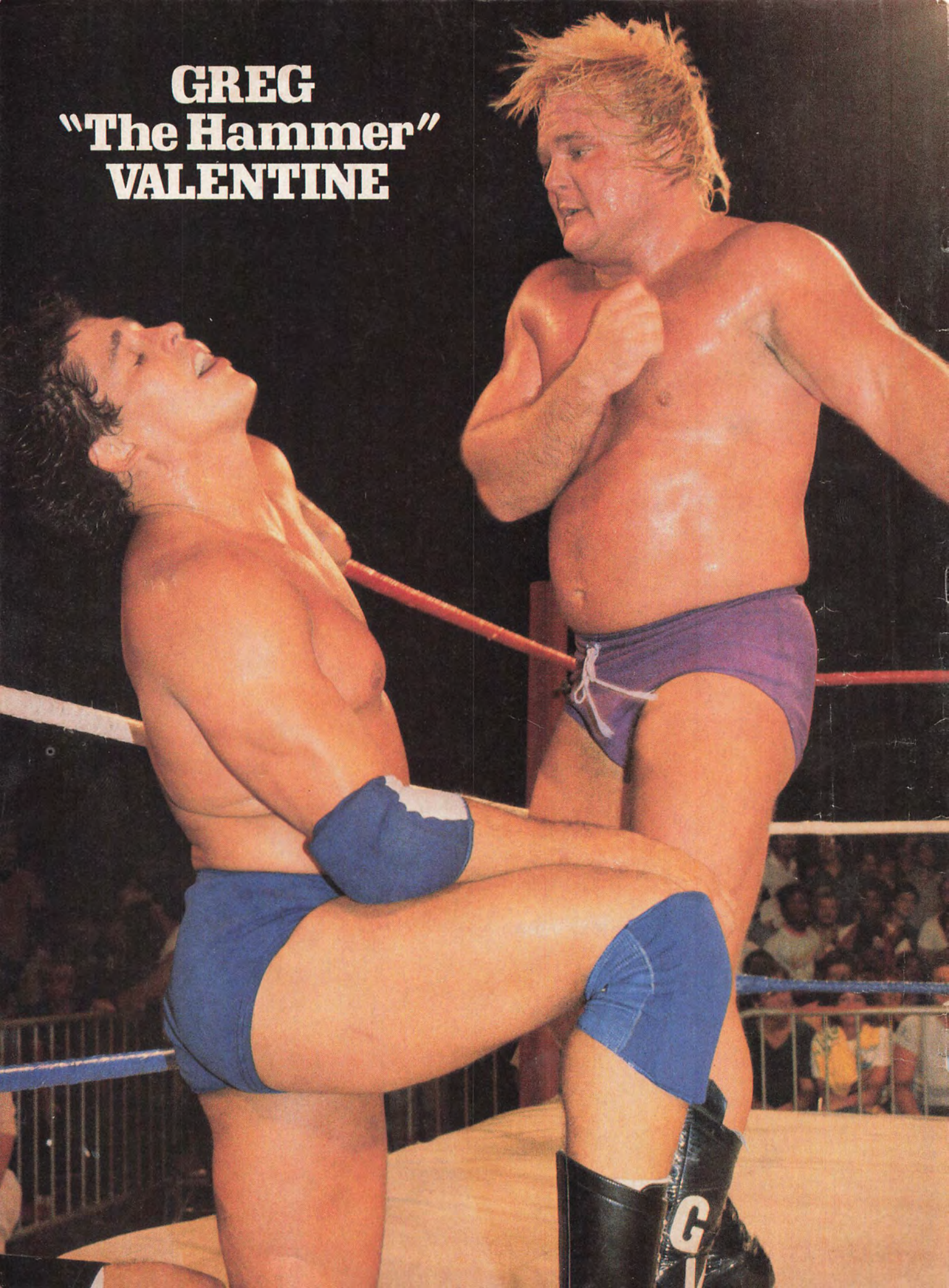
N.Y. res. please add appropriate sales tax.


A.W.A.
Champion
STAN
"The Lariat"
HANSEN

GREG "The Hammer" VALENTINE